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THE FLOWERING OF RACIAL SPIRIT

By

Asihei Hino

Translated into English

By

Kazi-o Nisina

Department of Information
The Imperial Japanese Forces
In the Philippines



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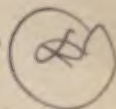
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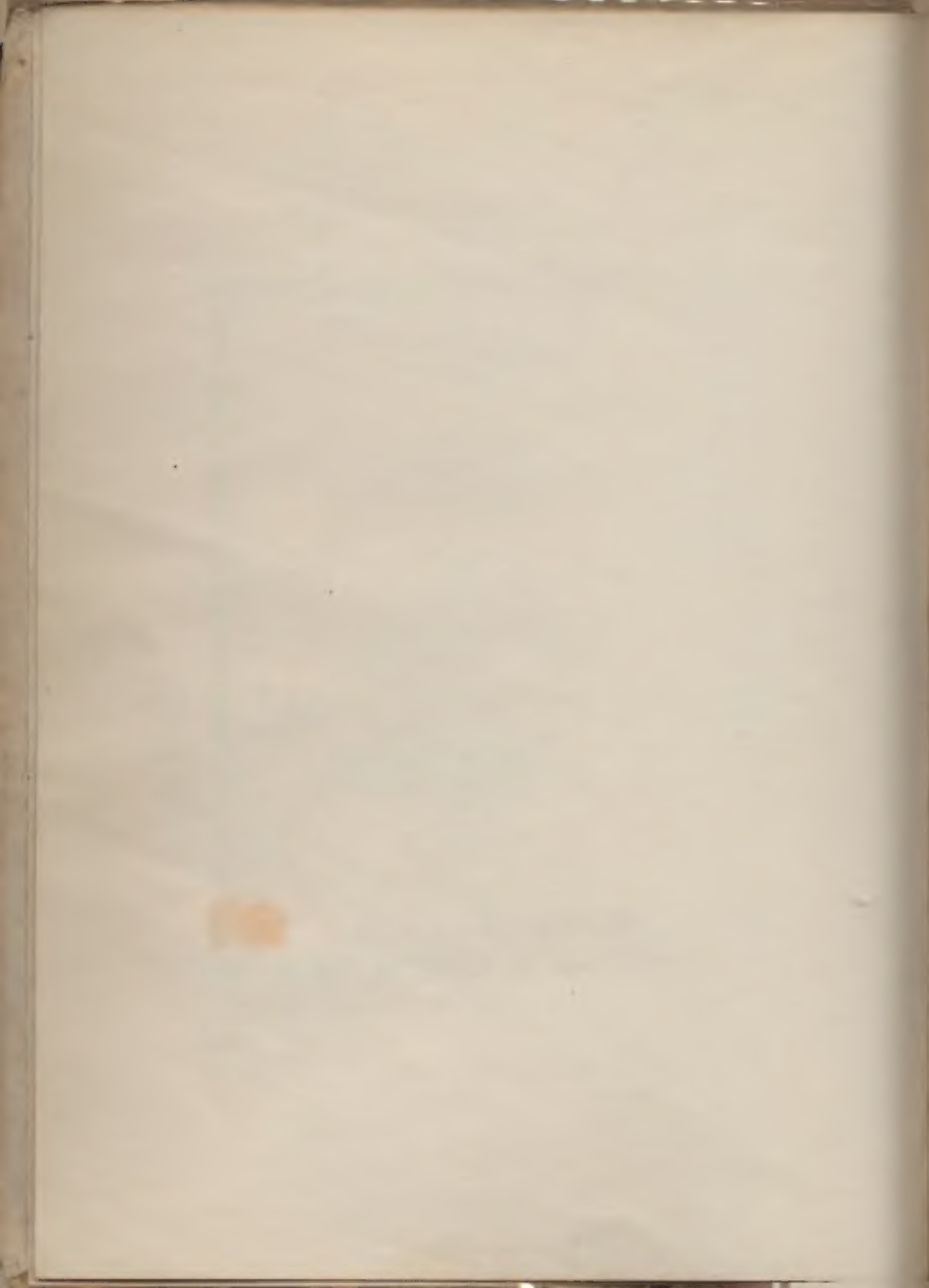
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By
ASIHEI HINO



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Kazi-o Nisina



Manila, Philippines

1942

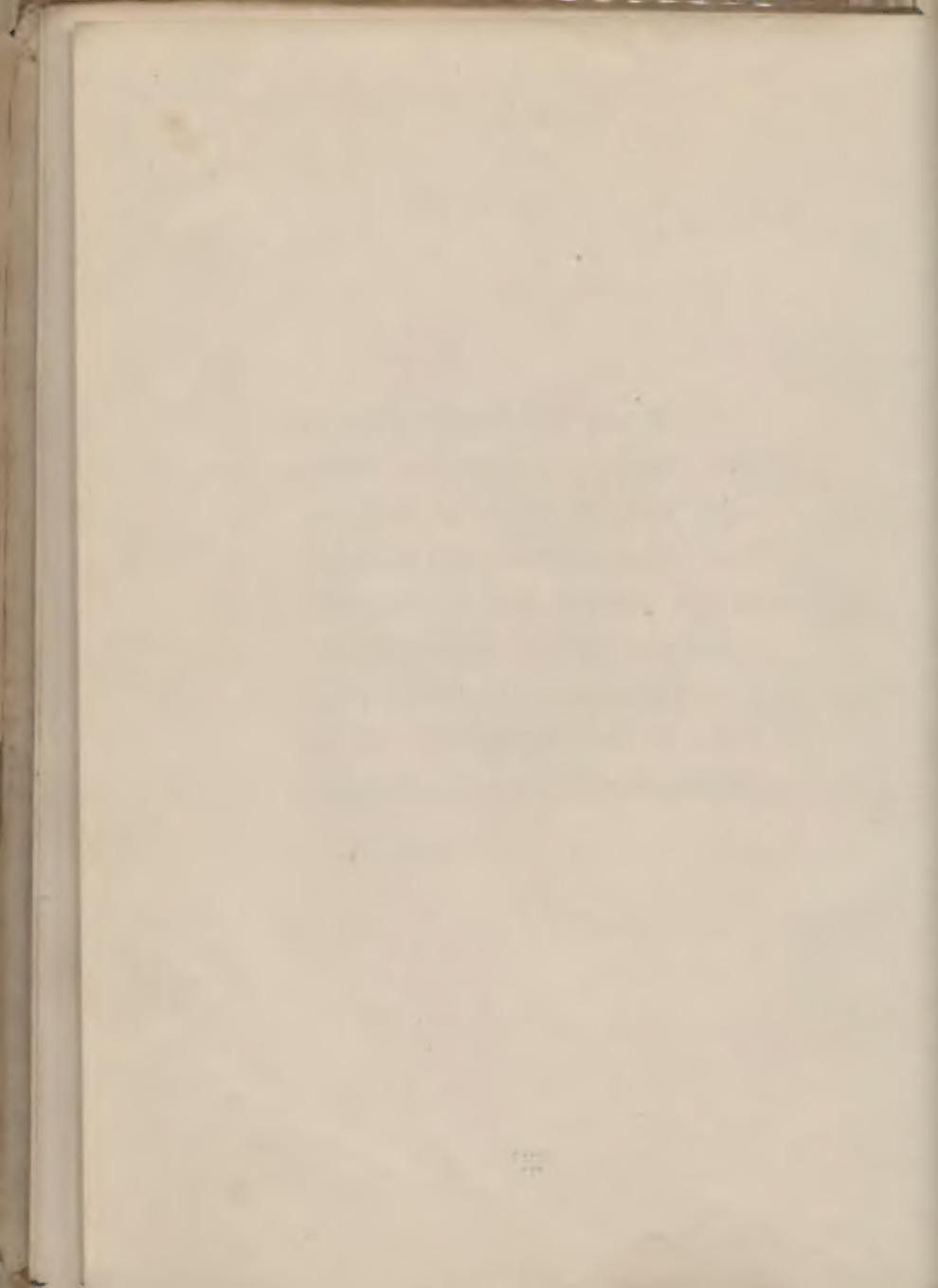


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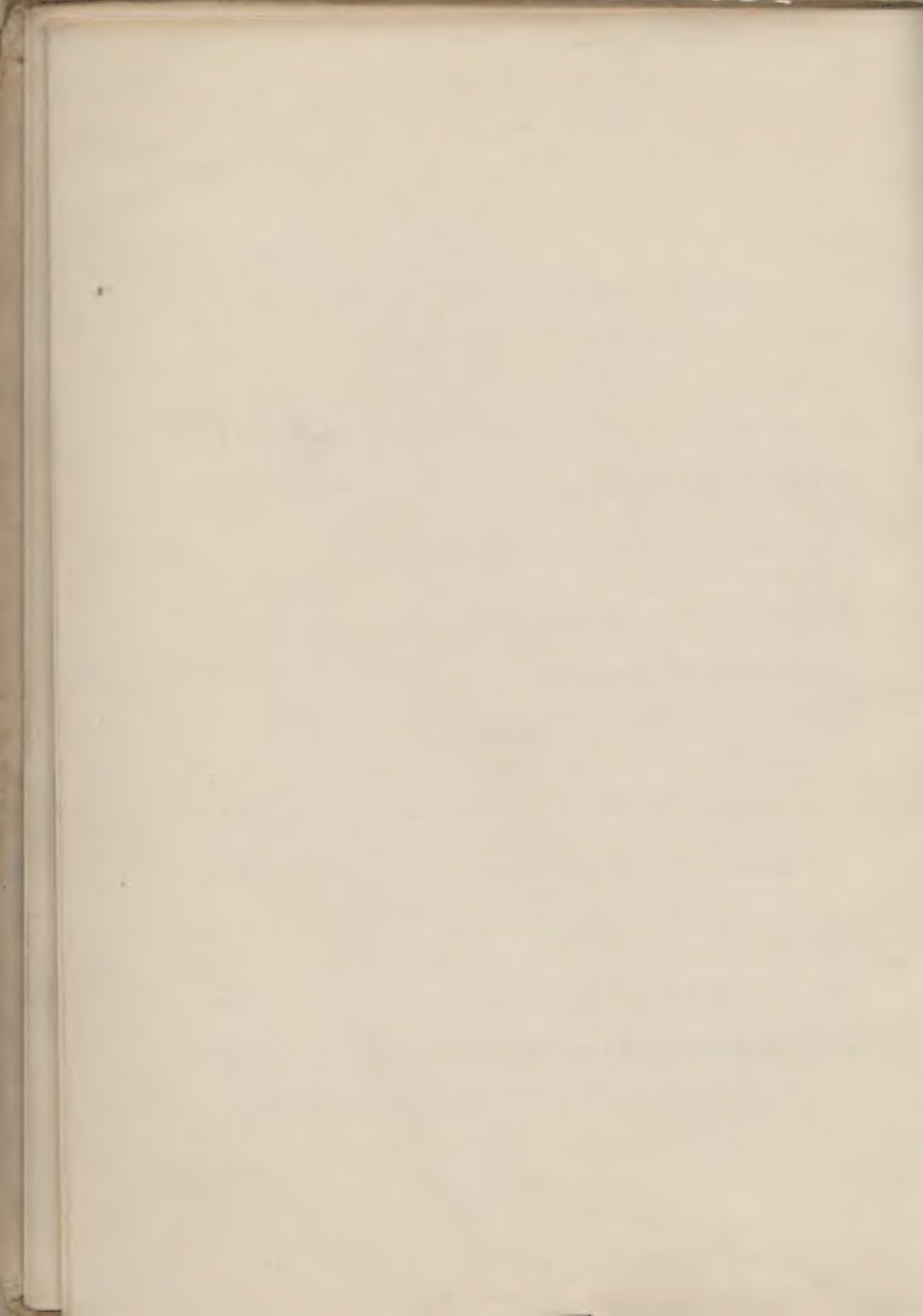
I dedicate with hearty respect,
this humble translation from
some notable pieces of work, to
the sublime memory and the souls
of the officers and soldiers who
willingly offered, and valiantly
and heroically laid down their
lives in the battlefields of the
Philippines, for our Fatherland.

—K. N.



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FOREWORD

I am feeling most pleasant that at present, I find myself in the midst of a New War and a New Dawn. I hope and believe that the day will come in a not very distant future, when all the races of the Orient will realize the magnificent design of "Asia is One," which is being carried out by the Empire of Japan, our Fatherland, with the final object of restoring the racial spirit of the Orient that is surging among them. Trusting in each other with the depth of alternating current as one group of blood-relatives, we must restore the pride of the Oriental races, which has been bent by Occidental materialism. The Sun of the Orient, which once fell into the hands of invaders, has now been recovered by our hands. Stirring up our valour, which is steadfast and overflowing with sincerity, we must be engaged in the plan of the New

Sun. Historically speaking, Japan and the Philippines have been very closely related countries. Now, before us, the Great Road of establishing a New Philippines has been opened with great possibilities by our immutable cooperation. We, Japanese, do not spare any possible effort towards that objective.

Here, several of my shorter pieces have been gathered into one volume, but these were published in Japanese newspapers and magazines and were not written for the original purpose of being read by the Filipino people. Therefore, I fear there may be some parts which are not of interest to them. The translation was made through the efforts of Mr. Nisina, a good friend of mine. I look forward with pleasure, however, to the coming of the day when I will be able to write pieces that are originally intended for the Filipinos. But it is not in the spirit of haughtiness but in the spirit of cooperation with each other.

ASIHEI HINO
Manila, November 1, 1942.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

On a certain date in the 16th Year of the Syowa Era (1941), I had the honour of being enlisted by the Imperial Order, and I left a certain station on the same night with my comrades, with just the same feeling expressed in the poem written by Imamaturibe-no-Yosohu, one of the *Sakimoris* or vanguards who were sent out in February of the 7th Year of the Tempyo-Syohō Era (750 A.D.) to the northwestern provinces of Kyusyu from the Eastern Provinces of the Empire. The poem is included in the 20th Volume of *Manyō-shū* (one of the oldest poetry anthologies of Japan) and its essence is as follows:

*From today, without turning back to mind
my private affairs,
As a humble shield of the Sovereign
I will set forth.*

The above Japanese poem in thirty-one syllables, written by Imamaturibe no Yosohu, in Romanized Japanese is as follows:

Kyō yori wa
Kaerimi naku te
Ōgimi no,
Siko no Mitate to
Idetatu Ware wa.

We got on board a certain steamer at a certain harbour, proceeded to a certain port, and waited there for the order to advance. In the meanwhile, on the 8th of December, we listened in to the radio receiving set in the transport. With tears of emotion and reverence I heard the announcement of the Imperial Rescript concerning the declaration of war against the United States of America and Great Britain. Next I heard the address of Premier Tōzyō about the Imperial Rescript, and I was awestruck and felt that my whole being was strained. A little while later the brilliant results of the initial battle at Pearl Harbor were announced, and I felt deeply grateful for the honour of being born as one of the subjects of the Great Empire of Japan, and at the same time I was profoundly moved by the privilege of being attached to the forces participating in the Greater East Asia War. Thus, on a certain day of December, the gigantic fleet of transports at last began to

steam ahead magnificently toward the Philip-
pines.

At this time, indeed, the poem which was
declaimed by a general of the Otomo clan, a
military caste who accompanied the Emperor
Jimmu when He pacified the Eastern prov-
inces about twenty-six centuries ago, became
literally my own poem. Its essence is as fol-
lows:

*If we go by sea let my corpse be water-
soaked,
If we go by mountain let my corpse be
grass-grown,
I will die by the side of our Sovereign,
I will never turn back.*

I was firmly determined and profoundly
resolved to die for our Emperor and Father-
land at any time.

Although our fleet of transports was at-
tacked by the fish torpedo of enemy subma-

The above Japanese poem sung by General Otomo, in
Romanized Japanese, is as follows:

Umi yukaba mizuku Kabane
Yama yukaba kusa musu Kabane
Ôgimi no Ie ni koso siname
Kaerimi wa sezi.

rines and raided by enemy airplanes, the losses sustained were so slight as to be negligible, and we at last set our first step with high morale upon the shore of Lingayen Gulf in Northern Luzon on the early morning of the 24th of December.

We were, first of all, very much surprised because the Filipinos are so similar to the Japanese. Among them we found a person who resembled very much one of our comrades, and among our comrades we found someone whose face was very much like the faces of some of them, and thus we were a little perplexed.

Even the outlying regions by the seashore were connected to all the corners of the Philippines by fine national roads for motorcars, paved with concrete or asphalt. In every town and village we found fine primary schools where the English language is taught, but we could scarcely find any vocational schools where technical knowledge and practical education are taught; there were many beauty shops and cinema houses around, but we could

not find any bookstore. Anybody could clearly see the traces of the governmental policy of making the Filipino people ignorant, and the economic policy of exploitation of the resources of the Filipinos by the Americans.

Considering the facts that after the oppressive sovereignty of over three hundred years of Spain, who destroyed completely all the Oriental tradition and civilization of the Filipinos at the time when she conquered the Philippines, the natives succumbed to the lure of materialism and epicureanism during the American regime of over forty years; finally, by the failure of the haughty diplomatic policy of the United States of America, who regarded the coloured races of the Orient as inferior, involved the Philippines in the present Greater East Asia War, thus causing her soil to be devastated and rendered into ruins by the havoc of war and burning the houses to ashes as victims of the "scorched-earth" tactics; and, furthermore, forced the Filipi-

nos to cross swords with the Japanese, who are of the same race with them as Orientals: I could not but whole-heartedly sympathize with them. At the same time, an overflowing feeling of love towards the Filipinos welled out from the bottom of my bosom, and the teaching of Christ,

“Love your enemies, bless them that
curse you,” (Matthew - 5:44)

could wonderfully enough be put into actual practice. Towards America, however, I could not help feeling an irrepressible indignation. I sincerely and earnestly pray, that the authorities of the Government of the United States of America will not neglect such a solemn as well as awful prophecy of Ezekiel, which is as follows:

“Now is the end come upon thee, and I will send mine anger upon thee, and will judge thee according to thy ways, and will recompense upon thee all thine abominations. And mine eye shall not spare thee,

neither will I have pity: but I will recompense thy ways upon thee, and thine abominations shall be in the midst of thee."

(Ezekiel - 7:3 - 4)

On the 1st of March, Mr. Asihei Hino, whom I have respected since even long before as the author of "Wheat and Soldiers," "Mud and Soldiers," etc., etc., joined the Propaganda Corps of the Imperial Japanese Forces in the Philippines. Several days later, the strategic operations against enemy fortifications in Bataan Peninsula began, and I lodged with him in the same quarters at San Fernando, Pampanga. He and Messrs. Siro Ozaki and Hiroshi Ueda wrote the original manuscripts for the leaflets and the records for the radio broadcasts at the front to advise the Filipino officers and soldiers to surrender, and I translated them into English day and night, and Mr. Ocampo re-translated them into Tagalog, and the manuscripts in English and Tagalog were sent to the press or the record-

ing room as the case may be. We had very busy moments during those days, but they were very pleasant to recollect. Afterwards, I was fortunate enough to have taken advantage of many opportunities of keeping Mr. Hino's company. On the 3rd of April, the general assault against the enemy fortifications in Bataan Peninsula was begun. On the 11th of the same month, all the USAFFE forces in Bataan surrendered and the operations ended.

From the 29th of April, the first auspicious occasion of the Emperor's Birthday since the outbreak of the Greater East Asia War, "The Siege of the Fortifications in Bataan Peninsula," which is included in this volume, was published in the *Manila Niti-Niti Sinbun* for five consecutive issues. I read it and was profoundly moved. I could not suppress the desire of introducing to my beloved Filipino friends the episode about the bugler, First Private Mimura, who demonstrated a deep

sense of responsibility as a typical Japanese soldier, and I began to translate the piece into English with the cooperation of Mr. Ocampo in between our official duties in the office.

Several days later, on the 5th of May, the general assault against the fortifications of Corregidor Island was begun, and on the 7th of the same month, Corregidor and other fortifications at the mouth of Manila Bay surrendered, and afterwards Lieutenant-General Wainwright ordered all the remaining USAFFE forces all over the islands of the Philippines to surrender unconditionally, and hostilities in the whole Philippines were quelled, and the country reached the state of reconstruction.

Thus, the Propaganda Corps of the Imperial Japanese Forces, of which I am a humble member, was reorganized into the Department of Information, and as one of the means of cultural publicity, it was decided to compile most of the shorter pieces of Mr. Hino

with the English translation and ordered to be published as herewith.

Sincerely hoping to introduce to my beloved Filipino friends Mr. Hino's precious works, as representative illustration of the Spirit of Japan and *Bushidō*, the warriors' code of ethics—the reason why the Japanese Forces are strong—and the ideals of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere; I did my best—withstanding my meager learning and mediocre talent—to translate Mr. Hino's works into English, as faithfully as possible, comparing the translation word for word more than three times with the original manuscript in Japanese. But under the hurried circumstances natural to military operations, I could scarcely utilize reference materials and hardly had enough time for choice of diction, so I fear that there may be some inadvertent errors or mistranslations. By the

grace of the readers' correction, however, I hope to make this volume more perfect and issue its revised edition in the future.

There is the consoling fact, however, that Painter Zyunkiti Mukai, with whom I have always shared both pleasures and difficulties since our departure from Tokyo, and for whom I must express my most profound and hearty gratitude, despite his pressure of duties, has painted such a beautiful canvas for the cover, which enhances greatly the beauty of this volume.

And lastly, this volume is published today like this because Mr. Hernando R. Ocampo, a young and promising Filipino writer and painter, who has been working with the Propaganda Corps of the Imperial Japanese Forces since immediately after the entrance of the Imperial Forces into the City of Manila on the 5th of January, 1942, cooperated with me faithfully and earnestly with pleasure, from beginning to end. I think it is an extreme honour and a profound pleasure, and I express my hearty thanks to present this vol-

ume to the reading circles as the natural result of our good example of personally putting into actual practice the ideal of Japanese and Filipino cooperation, just as we have always emphasized it since our landing on Philippine soil.

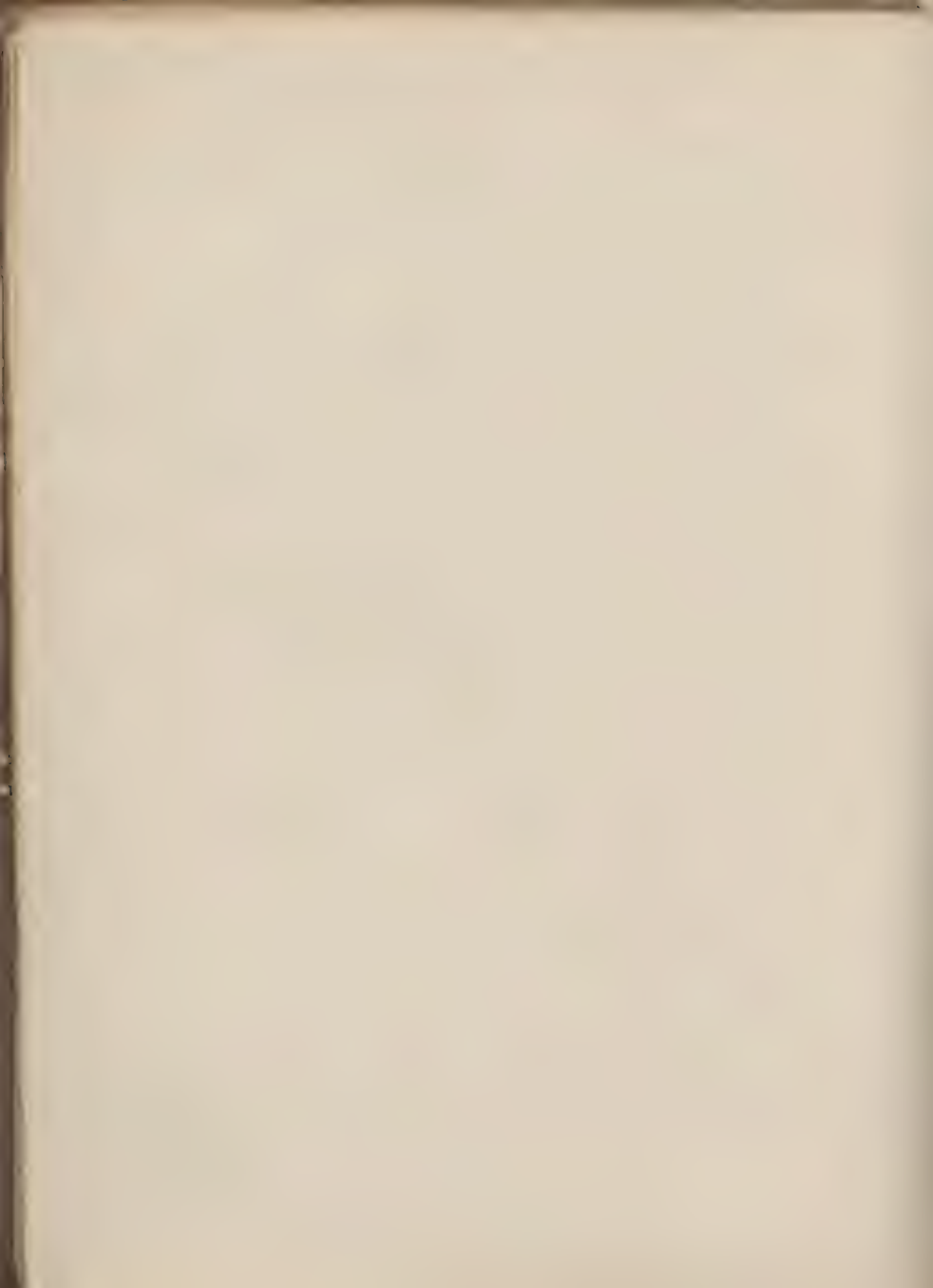
I, furthermore, acknowledge and express my gratitude to Mr. Manuel E. Arguilla, one of the leading Filipino writers who won the Short Story Award in the 1940 Commonwealth Literary Contests, who kindly read the proofs and gave me very valuable suggestions; also to Mr. Montano D. Nazario, one of the well-known Manila newspapermen who is at present connected with our Department, who also gave me some valuable suggestions; and for the fact that the pieces compiled in this volume—"The Creation of a New Mythology" and "A Magnificent Composition", printed in the collection of essays "Coral Reef", published by *Tōhō Syōbo*, Tokyo; "The Victory of Racial Spirit", published in the *Tokyo Niti-Niti Sin-*

bun; "The Siege of the Fortifications in Bataan Peninsula", and "Some Memories About Manchoukuo", published in the *Manila Niti-Niti Sinbun*; "Front-lines of Bataan", "A Magnificent Design", "The Eye" and "An Enemy General", published in the *Southern Cross*, the local Japanese soldiers' newspaper—were translated and reprinted in this volume.

KAZI-O NISINA.

Manila, Philippines

November 3, 1942.



THE CREATION OF A NEW MYTHOLOGY

On the morning of the 8th of December, 1941.

I was still asleep when my wife awoke me to hear the radio broadcast. As I had a pre-sentiment about it, I instantly got up and listened in, and though I heard the broadcast, maybe, from the middle, the same news was being announced repeatedly.

"The announcement of the Army and Navy Sections of the Imperial Headquarters: The Imperial Japanese Army and Naval Forces have entered into a condition of hostilities against the Anglo-American Forces, before daybreak of today, the 8th of December, in the Western Pacific."

I felt something like an electric shock coursing through my being. I felt some excitement but it was quite different from a feeling

of surprise. It was not because what I had presupposed has been realized, but because I have instantly felt deeply in my bosom the acknowledgment of the fact that what should naturally come to pass has been actually realized. And what I thought was that at this same instant the whole nation must be feeling, before their radio receiving sets, the same emotion that I was feeling.

It was quite another thing from the fact that we met with some astounding situation. Although it is true that an astonishing situation has set in, and however an astonishing commencement of the situation it might be, it is merely the fact which the Japanese people acknowledge with high pride. A certain anxiety which was haunted by the empty visions of Japanese-American parley has in a moment been obliterated. The popular expression that "the dark clouds cleared up and the bright blue sky appeared," may perhaps most straightforwardly express the emotion of the nation at this moment.

Hearing the brilliant results of our assaults one after another by radio news announcements, I now began to succumb to the magnificent emotion that the creation of a new mythology has begun. I do not exaggerate, when I say that I saw in my vision the figures of gods, holding halberds in their hands, and going on their way to rule over the Great Eight-Islands. In ancient times the gods of our ancestors came down from the *Takamagahara* ("Empire of Heaven" in the Japanese mythology), and subduing those who were not loyal, founded Japan, our Fatherland. That is, indeed, the very history of the creation in mythology, which is so brilliant as to dazzle us now to turn back and see. By the consummation of that mythology the dawn of Japan began.

On that day, in front of my radio receiving set, I could not but think with tears of emotion about the endeavours for the creation of a New Mythology, which Japan, our Moth-

er-country, has just begun once more. The New Mythology has now been begun on a magnificent scale. Our Mother-country, Japan, is carrying out her God-given mission on the Great Eight-Islands surrounded by blue seas.

But we know quite thoroughly that great perseverance and sacrifices were necessary in the history of the former mythology. When we look in retrospect at that mythology, we cannot but conceive a feeling of piety towards the magnitude of the sacrifices suffered. That spirit of sacrifice has copiously flowed through the blood-vessels of us, the Japanese people, for several thousand years like a stream of river.

Now that the magnificent task of creating the New Mythology has once more begun, it is needless to say that, as before, the greater perseverance and sacrifices are necessary. The Japanese people must have felt all these matters at an instant in their bosoms. In

other words, this satisfactory task cannot be accomplished by merely making a boisterous pageant of it, but it must be struggled through and consummated with presence of mind, serenity, and clenched teeth.

A MAGNIFICENT COMPOSITION

It has been for a long time since the problem of war and culture was taken up. But now with the opening by Japan of a decisive battle against the United States of America and Great Britain, I think that the problem of culture has reached the time when it will truly be given a final solution.

We have believed in the significance and power of culture under whatever conditions; we will still continue to believe so hereafter. And I believe that the consummation of the pride of the Japanese race will be determined by the influence given upon the soaring up of the Japanese race by the power of culture. That will become a magnificent emotion for the fundamental power with which the Japanese race, as a great nation, will fight through this war to the end. If we continue to reflect upon culture the great task, with its

magnificent composition, of our Fatherland, Japan; the culture itself also must develop a magnificent composition. I cannot think of any other way for the cultural men to offer themselves for the destiny of our Mother-country. That is the only resolution of the cultural men.

FRONT-LINES OF BATAAN

I went on an observation tour of the front-lines in Bataan Peninsula on the 5th of March, 1942, which lasted for three days. Starting from San Fernando, Pampanga, I proceeded to Hermosa, Bataan, by way of Guagua; and from the east coast, crossing the foot of the Natib mountain range, went to Olongapo on the west coast, and thereat put up for the night. Then we landed at Mayagao by a launch, and thence we went as far as Moron. I have various thoughts, and I cannot describe them wholly within such a short article as this. But the tour of these few days made me realize the difficulties, which are beyond description, of our officers and soldiers, and made my breast choke with emotion. The experience which I had in running about the battlefields of China with a gun in my hand enabled me to understand how this new battle-

field of the South, in various changing features, blocked up in the face of the unlimited valour of our soldiers.

When I stood up on a hill which was located in the eastern side of Mabatang, it was so hot that my breath was almost checked by the rising vapour which seemed to be blazing up. I heard that formerly a very formidable enemy fortification was located at this place, and a furious battle developed here. The ranges of Mount Natib undulate to the right, and if we stand facing southward, Mount Mariveles, with its irregular shape full of swellings and depressions, can be seen through the deep clear blue air. In front of this, Mount Samat stands in a lower plane but in a clearer relief. It may be due to the clearness of the air that these mountains appear so near that it seems as if we could touch them with our finger if we point at them, and it makes us think as if we could reach at the summit in one or two hours by walking. The trees of

mango and acacia, groves of banana and coconut trees, bamboo clumps, and Manila Bay which can be seen on the left; together with these objects, this scenery of scorching heat is overflowing with robust masculine beauty. It does not make us think that on the mountains and among the valleys at the foot of them, which appear so beautiful in front of us, there are numberless enemy forces establishing their positions, installing cannons, and aiming at the lives of our soldiers. I felt, nevertheless, a kind of pathetic, ghastly and eerie atmosphere abounding at this short interval in the afternoon under this dazzlingly clear sunshine.

There are many large cannon shell craters everywhere in the fields around us. Trees and bamboo clumps on the roadsides along our way were miserably cut down. Bamboo trees in the clumps were cut half-way, causing their tops to bend on the ground in long columns. It seems that the shelling was very furious.

The cannon shell craters in the fields showed that the shells which have caused them have fallen one after the other in the same spot; some other shells fell successively in a line from another nearby shell, their patterns forming the shapes of a gourd or skewered dumplings. These craters are filled with water, where many carabaos are wallowing pleasantly.

I hear that Bataan Peninsula had been the ground for maneuvers of the USAFFE. Measurements of the comparative distance or range between any two points had been taken sight of. Therefore, the toils of our forces have by no means been easy. One of our soldiers said that enemy forces fired cannon shells as frequently as rifle bullets, and another soldier said that if we fired one shell the enemy returned our firing a hundred-fold, and still another said that cannon shells as large as drum cans were hurled against us at the rate of thirty times a minute. I gazed on the faces

of soldiers who told me such things, with a feeling that nearly caused tears to flow from my eyes. They told me such stories about the wantonness of the enemy's firing, without any expression of fear, impossibility or difficulty in matching such a cannonading. They talked about such wanton firing with laughter, as if they could not help laughing. Perhaps the enemy forces who were entrapped in Bataan Peninsula may have been already driven into a desperate plight. We don't know how many cannon shells they have in stock, but perhaps they have enough to fire cannon shells as if they were rifle bullets, or thirty times a minute, or cannon shells as large as drum cans.

However, our soldiers must laughingly spring to the charge against such ridiculous enemy counter-attacks. I can firmly believe in such boundless courage of the Japanese soldiers.

It is already a question of time when Bataan Peninsula will fall into the hands of our

forces. The appearances of the front regions like San Fernando, Guagua, Hermosa, Mabatang, Olongapo, or Moron, are full of variety, but the sense of reliance on the serenity of our soldiers, which is overflowing in these towns, is directly connected with the idea of completion of this magnificent war of Greater East Asia. I cannot forget this impression.

We had fought for a long time against the Chinese forces in the battlefields of China, but behind them lay concealed the United States of America and Britain. We are now fighting against these true enemies, and I am forced into an irrepressible indignation when we see the tyrannical figures in another shape of white men in the battlefields of Bataan. They are making the Filipino soldiers as their puppets, and making the Filipinos as the victims to be sacrificed. We are not fighting against the Filipinos, but those who expose their corpses in the battlefields are mostly Filipino soldiers. I met with many Filipino

prisoners of war at Hermosa, Olongapo, Moron, etc. Their families and homes are in the regions which are occupied by the Japanese forces, and they are enjoying a safe and peaceful existence. These families who are with the Japanese forces, are anxious day and night about their sons or brothers, who were taken away and forced by the Americans to make a stand in the fronts of Bataan.

The fronts in Bataan which are under such circumstances, bewilder the benevolent Japanese forces a little. And the indignation against the tyrannical Americans is all the more intensified. The Filipino prisoners of war and surrenderers are kindly protected; so kindly protected that one of the young Filipinos at Moron climbed a high coconut tree and plucked a fruit for us. We, being brought face to face with that Filipino soldier, enjoyed the sweet juice and the meat of the coconut fruit and smacked our tongues.

We also saw at Olongapo the inhabitants

cooperating in the pounding of palay.* Under the clear sky, from which stars were twinkling as if they were threatening to rain down their sparks, were gathered many people—old and young, men and women—pounding palay with pestles to the tune of guitars and harmonicas, and to the rhythm of songs. I heard it as a song of the revival of the New Philippines. The Japanese soldiers, too, helped in the pounding.

In the fronts of Bataan the warriors' morale is overflowing. The stupid cannonading of the enemy is beyond question. The day on which the flag of the Rising Sun will fly on the summit of Mount Mariveles, and when the fortresses of Corregidor shall be rendered into ruins, shall come to pass in a not very distant future.

(March 10, 1942)

* A Tagalog word for "unhusked rice."

THE SIEGE OF THE FORTIFICATIONS IN BATAAN PENINSULA

CHAPTER I.—*The beginning of the General Assault*

I am now gazing at the scenery in a new seat of war in the South, which is very different from the battlefields in China, wherein I have had experience as a soldier. The masculine and rugged features of the fortifications in Bataan Peninsula, which the USAFFE has vaunted very much as impregnable, seem to rise and approach my vision in the rising vapour under the blue sky, which is so clear and bright as to dazzle our eyes.

It was at daybreak of the 22nd of December, 1941 that the first of our troops landed at the shore of Lingayen Gulf as the strategic operations for the Philippines were begun. The City of Manila capitulated on the 2nd day

of January, 1942. Deserting all bases and defense positions, the enemy forces retreated to the peninsula of Bataan. They called it a "pre-scheduled retreat."

Bataan is a peninsula which extends itself southward at the mouth of Manila Bay. It is about twenty-five kilometers wide from East to West, and fifty kilometers long from North to South. Between the southernmost point of the peninsula and the town of Ternate at the opposite shore, i.e., at the entrance of Manila Bay, is the fortress of Corregidor Island.

The enemy forces are confronting our forces at Mount Samat in front of Mount Mariveles, one of the steepest and most difficult terrains to assault in Bataan Peninsula, where the main forces of the enemy are entrenched. Mount Mariveles towers up into the clear Prussian blue of the sky, with its undulating shape as irregular as the jagged lines of the clumsily sharpened teeth of a saw. Mount Samat, which is in front of Mount Mariveles,

rises clearer and more rugged, with two isolated trees standing erectly on its summit like ornamental hairpins. It seemed as if there must be enemy artillery observers in the trees who were taking note of our positions and the effects of their artillery activities. The mountain, which is conspicuously swelling as a bump on the undulation of Mount Samat, which is sloping into the sea, is Mount Orion, on which the pertinacious artillery positions of the enemy forces are situated.

It may be owing to the clearness of the air that these mountains appear to be so near that they may actually be touched by pointing our fingers to them. Tropical trees like coconut, banana, betel-nut, mango, dorian, and kapok are everywhere in groves, in rows or standing alone. We can find crimson flowers in bloom here and there. Bougainvillaea, gumamela, and poinsettia flowers are blooming, bright red in the shimmering scenery of the rising vapour. The white clouds are ever sweeping in

a dazzling glitter over the undulating mountain ranges. It is full of robust masculine beauty. Upon seeing this, it cannot be imagined that tens of thousands of the enemy forces are polishing the muzzles of their guns and cannons within this scenery. But this sturdy and awe-inspiring scenery is full of terrible enmity.

The enemy forces fire their guns day and night from the slopes of the mountains. They seem to have an unlimited stock of ammunition. Their artillery, too, seems to function with accuracy.

All the towns in the vicinity are changed into miserable ruins. Forests and woods are wantonly burned to the ground. The bamboo trees along the road are cut halfway by cannon shells, thus bringing their tops down to the ground in long and continuous columns. Various trees, hit by cannon shells in the trunks, or at the foot of the trunks, are almost withered to death. The enemy forces must

have fired cannon shells as if they were merely rifle bullets. One of our soldiers began to count how many were fired in a day; and he counted till four thousand three hundred and several odd 'ties, and he could not keep up counting any more. If we fire one shot, they return our fire tenfold. I am also told that cannon shells as large as drum cans were hurled against us in the morning and in the evening.

There are many craters made by cannon shells in the field, large holes made side by side like pockmarks on a face; in some instances two shells dropped one after the other in the same place, and in other instances shells dropped continuously and their traces appear like skewered dumplings.

In Bataan Peninsula, where water is so plentiful that if one digs one foot down into the ground water gushes out, the holes made by these shells are filled with water. Hundreds of carabaos which became ownerless and

are left untended wallow in the pools made by the cannon shells, their bodies submerged and only their heads remaining visible above the water. They seem to be enjoying their wallow for their eyes are half-closed and their ears are flapping contentedly.

The enemy forces were in some degrees suffering from shortage of food. As the supply from the rear was suspended, they butchered carabaos and pigs for their food. But they consumed all of these during the long period of their entrenchment. So there was no other means left for them except to fetch palay and eat it after laboriously pounding it by pestles. At some points the distance between the enemy lines and our positions was only about thirty meters, and in such a case we could hear, now and then, the sound of the pounding of palay from the enemy lines. At first we took it for the pounding of the natives who, not being able to evacuate to safer places, were entrapped between the battle lines. But

it was told by enemy soldiers who surrendered to, or were captured by us that it was the pounding of palay by the enemy forces.

They possessed plenty of ammunition in direct contrast with the scarcity of their food stock, but they could not eat cannon shells. I imagined how many times the enemy forces had wished that the cannon shells were loaves of bread. The enemy forces, who were almost faint with hunger, could not help being irritated. It came to pass perhaps when they felt that if they could not eat cannon shells they would make the Japanese forces eat them. In the height of their anger they fired cannon shells against us with greater speed and more ferocity. The above were recollections related to me afterwards by the prisoners of war.

It is not seldom that our most advanced front line is so near that it is only about thirty meters away from the enemy front lines; at the farthest it is about three hundred meters. This is due to the natural features of the ir-

regular jungle zone. The trees and bamboos growing in the thick jungle entwine and entangle their branches towards every direction. Thus it is very difficult not only to pass but also to see through the said density. On the slender twigs of bamboos and other trees there are numbers of little sharp thorns, so that if we try to go through our faces and hands will be covered with plenty of lacerations. Even in the daytime, it is quite impossible to see through beyond five meters away, consequently it is very difficult to anticipate when and whence our patrols will be fired at. It is not infrequently that the enemy patrols and our patrols meet each other face to face all of a sudden in the jungles. The enemy forces hide themselves in dugouts at the foot of bamboos or other trees—dugouts wherein only a single person can be contained—and they wait in ambush with the muzzles of their guns aimed at the outlets of the passages through the jungles, so that bullets are fired from every un-

expected direction. Moreover, the guns are fixed in such a way that the triggers or gunlocks can be pulled without any possibility of missing the targets.

Bataan Peninsula has for years been the ground for maneuvers of the Filipino-American forces. They are well acquainted with the topography of the terrain, and of the relative distance or shooting range between any given two points. Measurements have been previously made for a long time so as to enable them to fire easily and accurately at any point. The enemy's manner of firing is very wanton, and once they begin firing they do so incessantly and without pause. They fire cannon shells and rifle bullets at the same rate of frequency, and so frantically, that they pour out like a veritable hurricane.

There are multifold and irregular swellings and depressions connecting the mountains, valleys, rivers and plains; and we can pass onward by foot, but the progress of mo-

torized and horse-drawn units are very greatly hampered.

The difficulties of fighting in such a terrain are beyond description. The enemy forces concentrate their firing against us day and night. Under such a situation the preparation for the general assault was carried on silently but steadily.

On the 3rd of April, 1942, the general assault was at last begun. Hundreds of cannons from the Japanese positions, which were heretofore in deathly silence even under the enemy's cannon shelling, opened fire simultaneously, with their thundering sounds echoing and re-echoing among the mountains. Cannon shells pelted out with fire and great booming sounds from every Japanese artillery positions, hitting enemy installations at Mount Samat. Such was the tremendous sound of cannons echoing and re-echoing in the valleys that the mountains themselves seemed to rock from

their foundations. Japanese airplanes flew in several formations across the sky above, dropping bombs one after another in quick succession. The tremendous smoke of dust rose up with a thundering sound. In a moment Mount Samat had been enveloped in yellow smoke; and the smoke of dust rose up higher and higher until Mount Mariveles began to be slowly but completely veiled from our sight. Suddenly fire flashed among the smoke, thus setting some places ablaze. Various sounds of cannons were heard rumbling at the foremost front line which was enveloped by smoke. The sounds of machine-guns also mingled with them.

The infantry troops were to begin the offensive charge at three o'clock in the afternoon. Until then, all kinds of cannon shells and bombs were concentrated against the enemy positions at the foot of Mount Samat. It seemed as if the whole body of Mount Samat was a gigantic magazine which was explod-

ing. I was so impressed looking from the observation post that my breath seemed to be checked by the tension of waiting for the imminent action to happen. From here I could not see anything but fire and smoke accompanied by sounds, but within the enveloping smoke with its rumbling sound there were many soldiers, their eyes aglitter with enthusiasm and anticipation, their hands tensely gripping their rifles with courageous determination to rush and capture the enemy positions as soon as the artillery firing was over. Such a sublime courage on the part of our soldiers in an instant caused my bosom to swell with inspiring and splendid morale.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The artillery shelling and bombing ceased. At last the offensive charge of the infantry troops was begun. It seemed to me that a great and vigorous war-cry was made in the yellow dust before me in the distance beyond. Tears of

emotion were on the brink of flowing from my eyes.

At this time the Mikota Battalion was on the line along the Talisay River, and was poised to spring to the charge. The visual field before us was very narrow; moreover, there was a thick jungle, and we could not observe freely. The main forces of the battalion and regimental cannons, with the machine-guns, were placed into positions in front of us, and opened firing simultaneously. The distance between the enemy lines and ours was from one hundred and fifty to two hundred meters. The enemy forces, with the stretch of barbed wire entanglements and the side-defending firearms on the slopes, began a hurricane-like barrage. Our infantry troops sprang to the charge directly under the cannon shells.

Our artillery laid down a furious barrage for three minutes before our infantry troops leaped toward the enemy positions. Some of our soldiers fell under the enemy's fire. But

their comrades could not look back or stop to assist them. The cannon firing ceased. At that time the distance between the enemy and us was ten meters only. The soldiers, with glistening bayonets fixed to their guns, rushed with a battle-cry into the enemy's thickly rising gun-smoke. Among the barbed wire entanglements our cannon shells broke through many openings. Our soldiers sprang in through them. But at that time two section leaders fell dead, the commander of the machine-gun corps was wounded, and many other soldiers were killed.

With such ferocity, the formidable enemy positions at the foot of Mount Samat were captured.

The main stream of Talisay River flows with several of its tributaries—Katmon, Tiawer, Abo Abo, etc.,—eastward into Manila Bay. The enemy forces, making these rivers their natural defensive fortifications, fired

continuous belts of cannon shells across these waters; but these belts of cannon shells were broken by the furious and inexorable charge of our soldiers.

The enemy forces were in such a haste in making their retreat that they had no time to destroy the bridges across the Katmon River. In other words, we pursued them just so swiftly.

The Japanese soldiers began their advance in long columns along the main road between Bagac and Balanga, which were occupied by the enemy forces until yesterday. On the roadsides, scattered in disorder, were motor-cars, cannons and ammunitions left by the enemy forces—and these were blemished here and there by corpses of enemy soldiers.

Our soldiers are climbing in succession the steep and almost perpendicular slopes of Mount Samat with their chests almost touching the ground. Until yesterday, they were merely looking up beyond the distance above

at the two isolated trees which were standing erectly like ornamental hairpins on the summit. Thinking they would occupy that enemy position very soon, and impatient for action, they alternately rubbed their arms with their hands every day. After treading step by step the ash-like soil of the slopes, however, our soldiers placed Mount Samat under their feet.

Our soldiers, with horses, vehicles and tanks, are advancing in such great swarms that they are actually overflowing the heretofore deserted road between Bagac and Balanga, which had been cleared of enemy forces. Enemy cannon shells are raining incessantly. The enemy forces are cannonading the roads and bridges from their rear artillery positions somewhere beyond the other side of the mountains. Cannon shells fall and explode with thundering sounds here and there. Through such dangers, the armed traffic moves in extreme congestion along the military road.

Thus our soldiers stormed one after an-

other into the side-ranges of Mount Samat where more formidable enemy positions were installed.

From among the trees in a jungle, I was observing the assault of Kapot Hill, which the enemy forces had converted into their last main position to check the advance of the Japanese forces, and from where they even attempted to make counter-attacks. As if it were commanding the other hills whose undulating ranges appeared like a series of waves, Kapot Hill rises up with its slopes almost in perpendicular planes. From unknown positions in the slopes of this hill came a flying screen of bullets of Maxim machine-guns and automatic rifles. Their sounds echoed among the jungles with stinging reverberations. The enemy cannon shells fell continuously in front of our positions.

I was told, on the other hand, that our artillery were attacking four enemy positions on Kapot Hill, and the attack would continue un-

til half past ten, when the infantry troops would charge in. I wonder what is meant by the statement that "they are to charge in at the pre-scheduled time." It is said that the soldiers will make the break-through at half past ten on this difficult terrain and under this rain-fall of cannon shells. The greatness of the responsibility and the unlimited valour of the soldiers will doubtlessly set all other outer adverse conditions at naught. Nevertheless, to reach the enemy positions, which are on the summit among the jungles and at the almost perpendicular slopes at Kapot Hill, is a feat replete with great difficulties. It is also said that jungle fighting literally devours soldiers. The figures of our soldiers disappear from our sight among the bamboo clumps. Now we catch a glimpse of them, then they vanish again from our sight. Some of the soldiers were shelled to death by the enemy's artillery action at the moment when they came into view.

It seemed that the troops had reached the foot of Kapot Hill. The commander of the unit was gazing forward and listening carefully. I also listened with such intensity that I thought my breathing would stop. After a while, we heard the piercing battle-cry of the charge on the left edge of Kapot Hill. Another battle-cry soon followed from the right side. The figures of our soldiers, with glistening bayonets fixed to their rifles, were seen going up Kapot Hill.

Motor-car roads to scale Kapot Hill have been constructed. The occupation of Kapot Hill accelerated very much the advance of our forces. There must have been adequate number of enemy forces holding up their positions here. There were scores of barracks made of bamboos and trees, and various kinds of papers with numberless rifles were left scattered all over the place. The enemy troops invariably leave rifles and other munitions behind them when they make their retreat.

At this moment I saw for the first time three American prisoners of war. Heretofore, I had never seen American soldiers at the front. The deserted corpses and the prisoners of war which I had previously seen were all Filipinos. Those who fight at the frontmost lines were invariably Filipino soldiers. American soldiers were always in the rear lines, where they merely supervised with extreme severity the activities of the troops in the advanced front lines. They themselves never made any effort to fight.

While the Filipino soldiers were suffering from scarcity of food, American soldiers ate to the full. As Kapot Hill was the position occupied by the main forces of the enemy, American soldiers were among the participants in the defense of this sector. When I found American prisoners of war I felt relieved for the first time. The significance of our fighting is so intensely realized that it is actually rendered solemn. I frequently saw Chinese

prisoners of war at the battlefields in China, and everytime I could not suppress the feeling of bewilderment. The enemy soldiers, with skin of the same colour and with physiognomy similar to ours, bewilder us no little. It was the same case with the Filipino soldiers. Two of the American prisoners of war were privates, and the other one was a non-commissioned officer. When our soldiers pointed their fixed bayonets against them, the Americans immediately held up both of their hands and surrendered themselves. What slovenly soldiers they are! They are citizens of the haughty country which subjected our Fatherland to irrational affronts, even to the point of disregarding vital matters concerning the very existence of our Mother-country. My heart swells with pride for our race. There is no opportunity better than this to feel clearly how we Japanese are distilling our indignation as a race into the fulfillment of our sublime mission.

The enemy forces at last began to display their strange characteristic. There arose an incident which is very difficult for us Japanese soldiers to comprehend. On the night of April 5th, troops of the Yamada unit met with the enemy forces at a point south of Mount Samat. Although they could not ascertain it actually, it being night, it seemed nevertheless that there were large enemy forces behind them. The commander ordered his men to charge against the enemy positions. A tumultuous confusion, like that produced in a beehive when poked by a stick, suddenly arose from the enemy positions. At this time the commander ordered the interpreter to cry out in English: "If you lay down your weapons and surrender yourselves, your lives shall be spared." The interpreter repeated the warning many times. Then, all of a sudden, there arose a simultaneous clapping of many hands among the enemy forces. The clapping did not stop for quite a while, during which inter-

val there began to mingle with it the metallic sounds of their guns being cast away. Thus each and everyone of the enemy soldiers surrendered themselves. A small number of our soldiers began to disarm the enemy troops. The enemy force was a large corps composed of seven hundred and thirty-eight officers and men. At that time, it was told, there were six American field-officers, but they ran away into the darkness. On the next day, the commander of the regiment and other staff officers, some twenty odd of them in all, came to our side. They said that all of the soldiers under their command have deserted them; thus it became impossible for them to take any measures.

On some other day an old officer in tattered clothes was eating by the roadside, greedily biting at ration biscuits, as if he were a beggar. As he was not a man possessed of a noble presence, one of our soldiers took him at best for a non-commissioned officer; and as

it seemed to him that the old officer had not had any food, he gave him the ration biscuits. But it was found after a while that he was Brigadier General Capinpin, a division commander. It was said that he was the commander of the 21st Division, commanding three regiments with a special corps, and seven thousand soldiers; but the staff officers, and even his own adjutant, ran away deserting him. He was, thus, left alone in the mountains. Leaving such an episode, the pursuing advance of the Japanese Forces was continued.

Mount Mariveles is a volcano. If we open a map we can easily understand that the lava which flowed out of its crater formed the peninsula of Bataan. All the roads on the mountain, with many irregular swellings and depressions, are of volcanic ashes from Mount Mariveles. It may rather be said to be a sea of ashes. When we walk onward, sprays of ashes rise up, and the soldiers' feet sink into the road up to their ankles. The yellow dust

rises up so thick and high that it is difficult to identify the soldiers before and behind us. On such a road, soldiers, horses and vehicles literally flow onward as if they were a roaring torrent which cannot be stopped.

The enemy forces obstinately resisted without retreating. Still our unit had to repeat many attacks with great difficulties. Moreover, many soldiers fell dead on the way of our advance, and decisive battles were repeated among the mountain fastnesses.

CHAPTER II.—*Pursuing the Enemy*

Our forces advanced on the trackless regions with much difficulty, but at the same time we must not forget the Takasago tribe who cooperated with us. Hundreds of them were detailed here in order to prepare a way for the advance through the jungles which were hampering not only our passage but also our vision. At first sight they appear to be of very slight physique and small stature, but actually they display a fierce cleverness in manipulating their tribal swords among the forests, under which it is very dark even in the daytime. They cut promptly their way through the thick woods, and lay out roads for the motor-cars through the trackless regions. They do not make any fuss at all even when the enemy's cannon shells are falling around them. They seem to be extremely jovial in sharing the tribulations of this war

with the Japanese forces. On moonlit nights, we hear the sorrowful melody of their tribal songs floating from where they are encamped. And in the daytime, they also sing loudly their tribal songs as they hew their way through the jungles under the enemy's cannon shells.

The precipitous slopes of Mount Limay ascend from the formidable fortifications of Mount Samat. The mountains around these regions, with their undulations, swellings and depressions, appear as if they were full of furrows, and thus they are converted into the best shield of defense by the enemy forces. The mountain guns and the field guns, which are to be used in the battle to support the infantry troops, are carried up with great difficulty along these mountainous roads. The soldiers have to pull up the guns when they come to the steep slopes, yelling as they heave: "Yeisa! Yeisa!" The commissariat troops experience great difficulties in keeping up with and following the advancing troops. After

consuming the provisions, which they have brought along with them at the beginning of the general assault, the vanguard troops sustain themselves only by drinking water. The clear mountain streams flowing everywhere among the valleys are the only things for which we were most thankful in this war sector.

When we walk along the ashy road, we become like dolls covered with yellow powder. Our eyes, noses, ears and mouths are all covered with dust, and when we spit our saliva is of yellow colour. Our soldiers are full of expectation for the next mountain stream. The water of every stream is so clear that we can see its bottom, and it flows with a delightful murmuring sound. We enjoy drinking the water. Filling our canteens with water, we continue our advance. But the cool water with which we filled our canteens ten minutes ago, becomes hot under the scorching heat of the sun. The colour of the soldiers' skin is as

brown as bronze. In the evening we cannot find the whereabouts of soldiers whose skin is so tanned. Without anything to eat for three or four days on end, our soldiers continue their advance and repeat fights.

On the height north of Limay, the enemy forces installed formidable fortifications. There were USAFFE regulars within these positions. On the early morning of April 7th, the Yamada Battalion met with these enemy regulars. Just at that time the mist was dense and, moreover, the enemy fortifications were in the eastern direction and the beam of the rising sun shone through the mist directly before us, hence we could not see anything at all in front of us. A furious and continuous sputtering of machine-gun bullets came from behind the mist. The communication line between us and the vanguard troops, which had advanced very far ahead, has been interrupted. Because of the thick jungles we have no alternative but to go through the road which

is covered by the enemy guns. If, however, we advance through this road we shall be nothing but targets for the enemy's cannons. No sooner orderlies are sent forward than they are shot down one by one. The enemy forces, taking advantage of the jungles and steep slopes, shoot our soldiers with accuracy. Orderly after orderly rushed into the mist, only to fall down and roll on the slopes after being shot by machine-gun bullets. Only after many trials was the communication line resumed.

The charge was at last carried out resolutely. The soldiers sprang into the enemy positions with a roaring battle-cry. But the irregularity of the terrain and the ferocity of the enemy's firing prevented our soldiers from succeeding. The second charge was tried. This, however, also failed. Each time soldiers fell dead. All the commanding officers, without exception, were wounded. The commander of the company was at first a lieutenant, then a third lieutenant, and at last a sergeant.

The commander of a section fell down, and a first class private assumed the command after stepping over the corpses of his comrades.

If they could not capture this enemy position, our base for pursuing the enemy would be lost. With gritted teeth, and gripping their rifles so hard to the point of seemingly breaking them, our soldiers carried out the third charge. A comrade who had fallen from wounds, cried out beneath our feet, "I pray that you will defeat the enemy!" Our troops sprang into the enemy positions with a fateful and roaring war-cry squeezed out from the innermost part of their throats. The enemy forces began to retreat, being overwhelmed by our tremendous and inexorable fighting morale. A furious hand-to-hand fighting was developed on the height of a hill above the jungles. Enemy soldiers fell dead one after another. Our soldiers, with glistening fixed bayonets, jumped into the enemy trench where American soldiers were firing Maxim machine-guns.

There were heart-felt and heroic cries of "Banzai!" The eyes of every soldier were full of tears.

At this time the sound of a bugle playing the "Kimigayo," the national anthem of Japan, was heard from somewhere. Lieutenant Hinoue, commander of our company who, unmindful of his wounds, had just leaped into the enemy positions with an unsheathed sword, turned his face backward to listen. Under a mango tree not so far from us, the bugler of our company, bleeding all over and approaching his last gasp of breath, was pressing the bugle to his lips. He was a superior private named Yakumatsu Mimura. When the company commander ran to the bugler, he was already dead, lying inert on his back but still grasping the bugle in position.

The bugler Mimura was shot through the throat immediately before the charge was made. Once he fell down, but thinking of his responsibility, this admirable soldier rallied

up his whole being, stood up, and began to advance, pressing his left palm against the gaping wound which was bleeding profusely on his throat. He fell down many times because his strength was oozing away by degrees. The superior private Mimura, mustering up his last courage, sounded the call to charge in the same position where he had helplessly fallen down. The bugle sounded feeble, low, and out of tune, and it could only be heard in the intervals of the roaring of cannons. This intermittent sounding and ceasing of the bugle's call to charge which was heard by the soldiers, who were carrying out resolutely the third charge, inspired them on to renewed and greater courage. Mustering up his strength repeatedly and endeavouring not be left behind by his comrades, the wounded bugler crawled up to the height. But his strength being already exhausted, he realized that his last moment was approaching. He sat up ceremoniously and played the "Kimigayo."

Thus the enemy positions on the northern height of Limay were pierced through.

The pursuing advance is resumed. Having fought yesterday, to walk today, and to fight tomorrow is the fate of soldiers. And the sublimity of soldiers who are determined to die for the sake of their Father-land is continuously being recorded yesterday, today and tomorrow on the pages of history. We cannot but say it is the sublimest and most magnificent advance. I said at the beginning that these battlefields are different from those of China, but the difference lies only in outward appearances. There is nothing new on the battlefield. The fundamental thing is only one. This is nothing but one spirit which has flowed through the frames of the Japanese people like a stream of beautiful river since the beginning of the history of our Mother-country.

Soldiers, horses and vehicles, swarmed onward as a roaring and irresistible torrent

along the dust-smoke covered ashy road. Now and then, the mountains rumbled and quaked from their foundations.

All the enemy front lines from East to West—on the western coast: Moron and Bagac; in the middle: Mount Samat, Mount Mariveles and Mount Limay; on the eastern coast: Balanga, Mount Orion and Limay—are being compressed by degrees toward the southernmost point of Bataan Peninsula. An enemy artillery position, which most stubbornly played an active role, was installed behind Mount Orion. The other enemy artillery positions among the jungles could not easily be found even by our reconnaissance by airplane. On the way of our pursuing advance we saw deserted cannons scattered everywhere in the jungles and along the roadsides. There is also an evidence showing that cannons mounted on mighty and railed vehicles were fired, and constantly kept in motion to shift their positions.

More than ten cannons, which hurled numberless shells against our positions and made comfortable wallowing craters for the carabaos, are turned upside down. There are many bomb craters everywhere. Our airplanes fly over the battlefield every day and drop bombs on the enemy positions, which are being moved backward by degrees.

The enemy front-lines have gradually fallen into confusion. The enemy forces have collapsed like an embankment which has given way to the forces of corrosion, in the face of the Japanese forces which have surged forward with more and more overflowing valour.

Our troops began to display a strange appearance. The Filipino soldiers who surrendered themselves in the front-lines on our way are mixed among our columns. There is nothing stranger than the relation between the American and the Filipino soldiers in the USAFFE. The Americans and Filipinos seem to be quite strangers to each other; and it

seems that they can hardly be considered as belonging to a single military body. Filipino soldiers surrendered themselves one after another and, joining our columns, inveighed against the American soldiers and offered us their cooperation by asking to let them carry the munitions. At some place, more than ten Filipino soldiers tied up an American commander of the surveillance corps and brought him to us, prodding his head and poking his shoulders with their fists. They said that this fellow "forced and pressed us to the foremost front-lines," and it seemed as if they could not control their indignation. The American, who was a fat captain with a large frame of body, had canned field rations with him. The Filipino soldiers confiscated them from him and, devouring the food in the face of the American commander as if they were avenging on him, they said: "Only American soldiers ate such things as these, while they gave us nothing." Filipino soldiers suffered from short-

age of cigarettes, but American soldiers had plenty. When they sold cigarettes to Filipinos, they charged one peso and twenty centavos for every fifteen centavos worth of cigarettes.

It was made clear day after day that the Filipino-American Forces were as mixtures of water and oil, and quite odd pairs of troops. The Filipino soldiers mingled among the Japanese troops who went southward in Bataan Peninsula for the purpose of annihilating the remnants of the enemy forces. Our soldiers advanced onward with laughter, saying, "This is an allied force of Japanese and Filipino soldiers."

At nearly noon of the 9th of April, it was wonderfully quiet around our vicinity. Heretofore, from everywhere in the front-lines, in the middle, on the right or on the left, furious sounds of rifle bullets and cannon shells were heard, and cannon shells and stray bullets passed over our heads. At about one o'clock

in the afternoon we halted on the top of the slopes which we had just ascended. Between the groves in front of us we could overlook the blue waters of Manila Bay and the island of Corregidor. Corregidor Island appeared very large as if it were actually there near us. In the vicinity there were many coconut trees which heretofore we did not see. The fact indicated that we were near the seashore. The island of Corregidor was haughtily lying its flat and narrow shape between the branches of the kapok trees.

I was walking with the feeling of wonder about the pervading too tranquil atmosphere around me. I came upon several hundred enemy soldiers who were gathered in a big circle under a mango tree. A large white flag, which was apparently improvised, was leaning against the mango tree. They were surrenderers. Half of them were Americans, and the rest were Filipinos. Some of the dirty, emaciated and haggard American soldiers seemed

exhausted and were lying down helplessly. Some of the American soldiers were wounded in the head and left laid on stretchers. There was an American officer, maybe a field-officer, who was shaking the hand of a Japanese soldier and saying, "The war is over. We are very happy."

Since that time crowds of surrenderers appeared before us from everywhere. From the mountain fastnesses, from behind the woods, from the roads between the bamboo clumps, they came in endless processions, waving improvised white flags. American soldiers came. Filipino soldiers came. They came out in such big numbers that they made me wonder where they were before. They made me feel as if they were gushing out. In fact, I thought that there were not such big numbers of American soldiers in this peninsula. Such a feeling may be due to the fact that we did not see so many American soldiers at the front-lines of Samat. Most of the American soldiers were perhaps

in the rear lines. At last I began to feel curious as well as, strange to say, I was forced to feel indignant. Having so many troops as these, why did they not try to fight? Every American soldier is tall and of stalwart physique. Their faces are sunburnt as deep as the colour of tomatoes, and in their thickly bearded faces their eyes glitter piercingly. There are some American soldiers whose hairy and brawny arms are tattooed with various designs. These soldiers, having thrown down their arms, placing the steel helmets aslant on their heads and carefully embracing nothing but their canvas knapsacks, come feebly tottering in long processions.

Only one Japanese soldier guards two hundred or three hundred American soldiers. In some cases, only one soldier leads as many as five hundred American surrenderers. The height of the Japanese soldier reaches only up to the shoulders of the American soldiers. Moreover, his uniform is dirty and tattered.

Under the conduct of such a Japanese soldier, American soldiers plod along the dusty road, with servile smiles for everybody. At some places many American soldiers pause by sitting in big groups under the scorching sunshine with their arms around their folded legs. Observing this sight, I realized once more the nobility of the Japanese soldier. As I said before, these American soldiers are citizens of the haughty country which in the past attempted to heap outrageous insults upon our Fatherland. Observing these crowds of tremendous number of surrenderers, I felt as if they were foul water flowing down from the sewerage of a country that has been formed upon impure foundations and have thus lost their racial pride. There is no other opportunity better than this to realize the sublimity of the Japanese soldiers and the pride of being a Japanese. Our soldiers laughingly said, "The American soldiers are perhaps saying to themselves, 'Why were we defeated by such

small soldiers?" " Such a magnanimity caused us to smile.

Moreover, it was more clearly realized that the USAFFE forces are composed of very strange soldiers. They do not move in accordance with the order of the highest commander, but the intermediate commanders surrender at their own will. Like the eastern as well as the western sector of Bataan Peninsula, each respectively made their own white flag for the purpose of surrendering. The general of the eastern front does not know about the activities of the western sector, and the commander of the western sector does not concern himself with the affairs of the eastern sector; and the troops in the whole Bataan Peninsula have nothing to do with the troops in Corregidor Island. There were several meetings with the officers bearing the flag of truce who appeared at various places; nevertheless, our forces continued the pursuing advance.

At this time what shocked our hearts was the miserable plight of the refugees. Numberless refugees, who were chased by the fires which were caused by the hostilities, took refuge in the mountains of Bataan Peninsula. Groups of refugees came out one after another from their hiding places when the fires of Bataan had already subsided, resting in various places in the course of their exodus. The surrenderers and the refugees continued their endless processional march. Most of the refugees can scarcely walk any more. Not a few of them are already quite unable to walk, and are falling down along the roadsides. The old men, women and children are so pitiful to see and so emaciated that they had to exert great efforts even in talking. Having consumed their own provisions, it is not a rare case to find among them some who have not eaten anything even for one week. Moreover, many of them were suffering from malaria and dengue fever and they fell down in the

mountains. Babies with deadly pale complexions were embraced by their mothers, but it was difficult to ascertain whether they are dead or alive. Their mothers' breasts, of course, secrete no more milk. Some old men and women, lying down on stretchers improvised out of bags, are fed by members of their families with drop by drop of rice-gruel from spoons. Many refugees, having drawn water from various streams flowing in the valleys by glass bottles or empty tin cans, are drinking it preciously little by little. The feeble crying of children was heard alternately from among them. For some reason which we do not know, they carried various pieces of white cloth as if they were white flags. They did not withdraw these white flags until they learned that they were not necessary for non-combatants. Several hundreds of them here, and several thousands of them there—such refugees flocked listlessly with looks of apprehensions, and they paused without talking loudly.

Seeing such refugees, the Japanese soldiers, forgetting that they may have nothing to eat for themselves after today, give up as much provisions as they individually carry to the refugees. Their field rations are distributed among the refugees little by little. The refugees begin to eat, at first shyly, and then greedily bite at what little food is given them. They distribute cigarettes. They give water from their canteens. The soldiers are left quite without provisions. Our soldiers pat the children on the head. At such times, they must be reminded of their homes.

The refugees were carried into this peninsula of Bataan from all over the Philippines. There are many from Manila, some are from Balanga, Samal and San Fernando. There are also some who came from as far as Northern Luzon like Tarlac and Damortis. They are wishing to return to their homes as soon as possible, but perhaps there will be no houses for them in the towns which were turned into

ruins by the fires of war. In the places where the fires of war have subsided, the rehabilitation and construction of the New Philippines will be prosecuted, but it is the most urgent duty of Japan, who has a great mission, to devise a scheme with which to relieve warmly such sufferers. We have now no other means but to give up and leave to them as much provisions and affection as we have.

Mariveles is a port situated in the southernmost point of Bataan Peninsula. The coast is covered with groves of coconut trees, and nipa houses stand in rows; but the whole town, with the exception of churches, has been converted into ruins. The statue of Jose Rizal, which is invariably erected in every town of the Philippines, is standing boredly alone in the wilderness.

Standing up on the shore, we can see the island of Corregidor lying like a whale on the surface of the sea. The general assault began on the 3rd, and the occupation of Bataan Pe-

ninsula has been completed on the 11th of April.

But I am told that only Corregidor Island will stubbornly continue to resist a little more. Bombing and cannonading are concentrated upon Corregidor Island. Shells of anti-aircraft guns fired from Corregidor suddenly bloom like snow-white cotton flowers on a very clear blue sky. It is said by an officer of the flying corps that the anti-aircraft firing of this fortress, which is most furious, is shaped like the inverted water spray from a sprinkler.

Cannon shells are also hurled against us from Corregidor Island. It seems that Corregidor is now an isle of madness. Many American and Filipino soldiers, and refugees are crowded not only in the town of Mariveles but also in various places in Bataan Peninsula. Among the forests on the Real River there is a vast field hospital to accommodate American regulars. There are several thousands of sick

and wounded regulars receiving treatment there. The American troops in Corregidor Island, however, seem to take no heed of this fact. The cannon shells from Corregidor fall upon the American soldiers across the North Channel of Manila Bay. They fall on the field hospital, and the wounded soldiers, who fought for the sake of Corregidor, are blasted into pieces with their sick-beds.

The capture of Bataan Peninsula has been completed. The remaining days of Corregidor will also be numbered. While I am writing this chronicle, the frantic cannon shells fired from Corregidor are falling in the woods nearby, and the thundering sound of their explosions are conveyed to my ears through the rumbling report of the grounds.

(On the Real River,
the 16th of April, 1942)

THE VICTORY OF RACIAL SPIRIT

The general assault against the fortifications of Bataan Peninsula was begun on the 3rd day of April, 1942, and ended in less than ten days. But what surprised us during these operations was the characteristic of the enemy, the Filipino-American Forces. When we left Japan for the Philippines we read in books that the enemy forces were composed of six thousand Filipino soldiers and a certain number of Americans, and they were not worthy to be considered of any consequence at all. But they were rapidly increased and strengthened, especially after the outbreak of the Greater East Asia War; it seemed that enlistment of young men was carried into effect by every possible means. The majority of students were enlisted and joined to the army. Only the prisoners of war from the Filipino-American Forces amounted to almost 70,000

in number. I learned that the war dead and wounded numbered to about 10,000; moreover, there were thousands of sick soldiers. In addition to these, the forces that fled to Corregidor Island would make the total number of forces who were positioned in Bataan Peninsula up to 100,000 soldiers.

As we pressed against the enemy toward the southernmost point of the peninsula after breaking through enemy positions on Mount Samat, I was by degrees made to feel strange; and at last I felt a kind of indignation. Because, although we did not think that there were so many soldiers, numberless surrenderers of enemy forces gushed out one after another. With not only such large numbers of enemy soldiers, but also accurate and formidable weapons, why did the enemy not try to fight against us? This was what I, as a soldier of Japan, positively could not understand. It seems that as for the Filipino-American Forces, war is a kind of sport. After

they have tried to do their best and when the game is over, they behave as if nothing was the matter. Considering that the war is waged, moreover, at the sacrifice of lives, such an attitude is, to my feeling at times, quite unforgivable. The enemy, without any sense of sincerity regarding the principle of "death for death", is always considering only the safety of his own life.

If our troops charge at them, they fire machine guns to the last until, keeping our soldiers face to face in front of their sight, they hold up their hands and surrender themselves. It is a very selfish thought that to resist to the very end would gravely endanger their lives, but their lives are safe if only they would surrender themselves. They have no pride as soldiers, much less pride of their race at all. Their invariable question after surrendering is: "When will the war prisoners be released?" After surrendering, even the officers seem to be so light-hearted that they joke, flatter or smile.

When we entered into the town of Mariveles a group of fifteen or sixteen officers came to our quarters. They were Americans and there were a colonel and lieutenant-colonels among them. And that colonel requested us to teach him the Japanese language. We wondered what words he wanted to study, and found out that he wanted to learn the words in Japanese for "Give me water," and "Give me food." I felt a desire to spit at him, seeing such a shameless attitude. The most ridiculous was the relation between the American and Filipino soldiers. The Filipino-American Forces were, of course, commanded by American soldiers and, it seemed that, the majority of the Staff Officers were American instructing officers, but once they became prisoners of war after surrendering themselves alike, they are quite strangers to each other. As is already well known, only Filipino soldiers were at the first front-lines, but the American soldiers were always at the rear lines, and the

latter were merely supervising severely the fighting of the former. Moreover, the supply of provisions was not sufficient, and the Filipino soldiers could scarcely get food, on the contrary Americans took enough food; and the salaries were remarkably different between the American and the Filipino soldiers, even if they were of the same rank; and it seemed that there was very much discontentment among the Filipino soldiers. But the discontentment remained only as a private affair among themselves and did not aggravate into a contemplated insurrection. I asked on trial of the Filipino soldiers who surrendered themselves to us shortly before the general assault, "If all of the Filipino soldiers are so much discontented and wanting to surrender themselves, why didn't you *en masse* slaughter your superior American officers and surrender yourselves to us?" But they unanimously answered, "That is quite difficult." Anyway, the pro-American idolatry.

which the Americans implanted in the minds of the Filipino people for forty years, is so deep that it cannot be treated lightly.

Filipino soldiers who surrendered to us sincerely believed even to the last, that large number of troops for reinforcement are coming from the U. S. A. home-country. All the surrounding regions such as Singapore, Sumatra, and other islands of the Dutch East Indies have already been occupied by the Japanese Forces, and it is quite clear that reinforcements can never come from any source. Nevertheless, they were quite confident that reinforcements will come any time soon, and they will defeat the Japanese Forces. They had confidence in the power of the United States of America to that extent, but on the contrary they did not realize the strength of Japan at all. Even the Filipinos who were supposed to be pro-Japanese thought that when Japanese airplanes came they were even operated by German pilots. Among the Filipino people

there are not a few persons who ask if there are electric cars or steam trains in Japan, and although the Japanese Forces came here and destroyed the USAFFE, these Filipinos still do not conceive a friendly feeling toward the Japanese Forces in their hearts. There are some Japanese who are indignant because the Filipinos only feign to cooperate. But they are not right to resent this because the United States of America had influenced the Filipinos in various spheres for at least forty years.

Especially since the United States of America began to govern, the favours granted to the Philippines along such lines as economics (mainly on the consumers side), education, roads, etc., are not very little. It is from our standpoint that we are apt to notice only the vulgar side of American civilization, but as for the Filipino people the feeling toward the United States of America is another matter. Having been thus favoured for forty years by the United States of America, they

cannot escape the censure of fickleness and insincerity if they would hate the Americans immediately after they were defeated by the Japanese Forces. The difficulty of reconstruction after war lies, too, in such circumstances.

Even such lofty ideals as "Orient for the Orientals" or "Establishment of a New Order in East Asia" cannot be realized apart from actualities. In order to convert the Filipino people to have a sincere friendly feeling and hearty respect toward Japan, great efforts on the part of the Japanese are expected hereafter. Now, directly after the Japanese Forces destroyed the USAFFE, it is hardly possible that the Filipino people might realize the goodness, and understand the real intention of the Japanese Forces. But the common destiny of our being both Oriental races is our strongest point which can never be eradicated, and in this sense we can firmly be convinced of the possibility of realizing through our efforts the hearty harmonization and cooperation be-

tween the two races. Especially the fundamental fallacy of the United States of America in trying to rule over other races by the mere pressure of her materialistic civilization, can easily be eliminated in such an era as this when racial spirit is soaring high. And the insult of their trying to slight the Oriental races with haughtiness as Americans, will give rise to strong reaction in such an era by exalting all the more the racial pride. The fundamental cause of the impossibility of fighting to the last of the Filipino-American Forces, in spite of their possession of a great number of soldiers and arms which is several times more than those of the Japanese Forces, may lie in the collision of the racial elements which are in the bottom of the hearts of these two races.

I came upon a very interesting spectacle on the street under the scorching heat of the sun. Many Filipino-American soldiers, who surrendered, came in long lines, and when they

approached a water faucet they stood one behind the other in a row, carrying their respective canteens, to drink water. American and Filipino soldiers were mixed in the row, but none of the Americans among them tried to push the Filipinos behind. Before they surrendered themselves, however, the Americans held their preferential right for anything in the Filipino-American Forces, and inhumanely overdrove Filipino soldiers, besides pushing them always behind. Now that they are defeated forces, they have become equal. There were also officers among the American soldiers, but they did not try to push the Filipino soldiers behind, who were ahead of them, and they quietly waited for their own turn. Nay, on the contrary, in such a case they even seemed to recognize the priority of the Filipino soldiers. The reason for this, perhaps, is that they might recognize unconsciously the fact that the Japanese Forces and the Filipino troops were in com-

men both Oriental races. As for the victims in the front lines, the Americans were properly buried and marked with grave-posts, but for the Filipino victims no crosses were erected. Filipino soldiers made their own corpses as grave-posts and buried themselves in the soil of Bataan. Field hospitals were established for American soldiers only, and Filipino soldiers could not be accommodated there. The Filipino-American Forces were such an army.

The Filipino prisoners of war glared resentfully at the American prisoners of war. Most of the Filipino soldiers were emaciated and thin, while the American soldiers were ruddy. At the concentration camp several Filipino soldiers died every day on account of fatigue and exhaustion, but there was no such death among the American soldiers. However favourably the United States of America has governed the Philippines for forty years, and however deeply influenced the Filipino people might be, her rule by materialistic

means already bore, from the beginning, the destiny of the Filipino's estrangement. Japanese and Filipino cooperation must absolutely be spiritual, and if they advance with the common pride of their races, the time must come, sooner or later, when the great plan of a "New Order in East Asia" will be realized.

The streets of Manila give us impressions which cannot be distinguished between Oriental and Occidental. This is caused by one of the affronts which was committed upon the Oriental race. It may also be due to the characteristic of the Filipino people, but we must restore immediately the spirit which are our own with the common pride of races, and rebuild the New Design. Our Fatherland has restored our Sun in the sky of the Far East with a grand and splendid morale. The New Civilization must be hoisted under the New Sun. This can be established solely by our Japanese sincere and unflinching endeavour.

(Manila, May 13, 1942.)

A MAGNIFICENT DESIGN

*(Greeting the Fifth Commemoration Day of July
Seventh.)*

By means of legs and will,
Our soldiers have drawn an infinitely
expanded map.

Already all seas and mountains and airs are
our possession.

Submarines overflowing with rigorous will
Repose among the coral flowers,
Astounding the tropical fishes with absurd
jaws and fins.

The beautiful Japanese language has
Spread across seas and mountains.
On numberless Oriental cities and several
hundred million lips,

The words were strewn like pollen.

History, today, is not to be criticized,
But blind wisdom itself is examined by it.
In olden times, the earth transformed itself by
 earthquakes, tidal waves, hurricanes and
 volcanic eruptions.
Today—mortals with will are performing
 such phenomena.
To relate plausibly that on the summit of a
 mountain tens of thousands feet above
 sea level
 we can find fishes, etc., is already a
 mediocre speech.
If we calmly close our eyes at the dead of night,
The thunderous sounds of the world's trans-
 formation deafen our ears.
There were countries named Britain and
 America,
Whose flags were fashioned out of the cheap
 combination of red and blue.
Their colours faded away and became white
 flags.
On the white ground, with thick red blood,

A beautiful Sun was painted.
As there is no pen, nor ink, nor paper to
depict it with,
Such a gigantic age is today.
By her fortitude and sacrifices,
Our Fatherland, Japan, has grown up.
Such numberless great stories were created
that are beyond the faculties of the
writer.

The beautiful Japanese language has
Spread across seas and mountains.
Lukouchiao has become the Mecca for the
restoration of the world.
The words "July Seventh" (7-7) have now
revived for the fifth time,
And have become the most beautiful words
on earth.

(The 7th day of July, 1942.)

THE EYE (NOVELETTE)

Although it could not be called a yard, there was a little space between the hospital buildings, with five or six mango trees spreading their branches over it, and the ground was covered with a lawn of green grass, thus it was very pleasant to stroll around and take a rest there. In the daytime, by the dazzling ray of the scorching sun, the white clothes and the loin-cloths and the handkerchiefs, that were being hung to dry out on the lines between the mango trees, glittered with pin-points of dazzling light. But at night it suddenly became cool from dusk, and before one was aware of it, the yard would be crowded with soldier-patients in white clothes. At the time when I entered the hospital the moon was large. When there are other objects where the moon rises, it looks to us to be extraordinarily large, and just when we

were seeing it from where we were lying down on the ground, the moon rose up between our hospital building and one of the mango trees. The moon, which showed her face above the roof in the street outside the fence of the hospital ground, enlarged its size fully among the walls of the hospital building, the roofs, and the mango trees; shining brilliantly, it rose up gradually higher and higher. At the same time, the moon which was beyond the network of the iron fence of the hospital, seemed just like a radiant rice-cake on the toasting net. And the moon now shone in reddish colour, then in yellowish colour. As the large moon rose up towards the zenith it seemed to shrink into a smaller size.

When my temperature went down, I went out every night, and lying down on the lawn, I used to look up at the moon. The cool feeling and the odour of grass lured me to stay there for a long time. I acquired one more new acquaintance on that lawn. Although I

had a mosquito-net in the sick-room, we did not have one on the lawn, and I was bitten, too, by mosquitoes there. Originally, almost all of the patients here were soldiers who were suffering from fevers because they were bitten by mosquitoes in the battlefields of Bataan. And I myself, too, of course, was of a similar case. I heard from persons who had stayed in Manila for a long time that although most of them stayed here for about ten years, they had scarcely heard of dengue fever or malaria. Considering this fact, the mosquitoes which carry the virus of malaria and dengue fever are not found in Manila, but only in Bataan Peninsula. Therefore, it seems that we are safe even if we are bitten by mosquitoes in Manila. There is nothing more abominable than such tropical fevers as epidemics of Bataan. I suffered from a fever of forty-two degrees for three days, and I kept rolling over and over day and night, and I could not sleep at all. I felt so painful that

every joint of my body seemed to break apart, and in whatever posture I might lie the pain did not leave me. I wanted to replenish the ice in my ice-bag, but I could not walk at all because my legs were so wobbly that the knee-joints seemed to be disjointed. My body was very hot as if it were a ball of fire, and my mouth was dried out and became without a bit of saliva. My appetite was lost, and I scarcely ate anything for even a week, and in spite of injections and takings of medicine my fever did not go down until the customary time-limit of the subsiding of fever. Nevertheless, my head became wonderfully very clear, and I could not enjoy a wink of sleep even after midnight toward daybreak; visions which I had never had came into and went out from my mind one after another. The groaning due to the impossibility of enduring the pain came from other sick-rooms. Even the soldiers, who were brave under bullets and cannon shells, could not stand the fever.

On the other hand, once the fever subsided, we became so vigorous that we could not believe it, and we felt funny because we raved in delirium due to the fever. Those patients who gathered on the lawn invariably had experienced such cases, and they laughingly told each other, here and there, as follows: "Do you remember what you said at that time?" or, "You were weeping like a woman," etc. We have a saying that "Sufferers of the same disease sympathize with each other"; just as the soldiers who went under the gun fires are united with a solid love for comrade, the patients, too, who suffered from the same kind of fever, immediately feel an intimacy and become very close to each other. On the lawn it seemed to be a regular occurrence every night that almost everyone of them began with a conversation about the pain and suffering when they were attacked by fever, and then, asked each other about the name of the corps to which they respectively belonged,

their names and their native places; thus the patients who were strangers to each other became by degrees intimately related. On a certain night I also won an acquaintance in the same manner.

When I was about to fall in a doze on the lawn, I was awaked by a sudden piercing burst of laughter near my ears. A patient who was not there a short time before was lying directly near my head with his hands clasped beneath his head, had burst out into loud laughter. In the moonlight his white clothes were in relief like marble. Before I understood why he had burst out into laughter, the patient became aware of my awakening. He asked me, "Are you also suffering from dengue fever?" He seemed to be a still young soldier. I felt at ease in the presence of this jolly soldier, and I answered: "I don't know if this is dengue, malaria, or merely a plain three-day fever. But my fever of forty-two degrees continued for three days." "That

is dengue fever," he diagnosed with such a tone of self-confidence as if he were a doctor of medicine, and he suddenly rose to a sitting position. He continued, "Indeed, dengue is a ghostly fever. It may be a fever of *Tengu*.* I have been in Central and Southern China for three years, and I overdrove myself very much, but I never suffered from any disease, and I have had a perfect reliance on my physique. But after coming here, I at last became a victim of dengue." "The case is quite the same with me," I answered.

When we were lying down he seemed to be a very young soldier, but sitting up and facing me, his robust physique, the broadness of his shoulders, and his protruding cheekbones displayed a wonderful stability of his figure even under the moonlight of that night. In spite of this, he seemed to be of a jovial nature, and his body was always in motion,

* A long-nosed genie of the mountain in Japanese folk tales.

and he talked about something almost continuously. Sometimes I was annoyed by him. I now understood the reason why he burst out into loud laughter a little while ago. At first I was not aware of it, but there was another patient lying beside him. It was at this patient that he laughed. I heard from him that this patient on his other side would, when he was suffering from a high fever, invariably weep at midnight, "All is over for me. Oh, it is unbearable. Kill me, please!" He mimicked it in quite the same voice as his friend's, and he added, "This fellow wept in spite of his huge body." His voice was so loud that those other patients who were talking on the lawn stopped their conversations and turned to listen to him: and when the speaker's voice reached that point where it resembled so much the other patient's own voice, all the listeners would burst out into loud laughter. Some of them even clapped their hands in applause. As the audience increased, the

speaker became more and more enthusiastically voluble, and he repeated the same words many times. He was getting a little tedious so I said, "We have already heard that story quite enough." And only then did he stop. He did not especially ridicule his comrade, but being firmly confident that such a story must be of common interest to all the patients around him who were suffering from the same disease, he might be only exaggerating his own experience. But considering the patient who was the subject of that story, I could not suppress a certain growing feeling of indignation. While the speaker was at the height of his mimicry, I observed the large figure of the other patient who was lying on his back beside the voluble one. Though I could not see him clearly, because of the darkness of night, he was lying with the fingers of both his hands interlaced on his forehead as if he were hugging his head. He also seemed to be laughing at the tone of the mimicry of his

companion. Although he heard his companion making public the incident during his being attacked by high fever, which he cannot be proud of, he seemed to be absolutely confident in the goodwill of his companion. And he seemed to understand also that such a behaviour was not an extraordinary experience peculiar to himself only, and his innocent blunder in that degree can be readily tolerated, without any explanation or excuse, by sufferers from the same disease. Moreover, in spite of his suffering from high fever, he seemed to feel himself quite laughable because he uttered such unexpected words. I felt all these things from the sound of his low and rather happy-go-lucky laughter. At the same time, I noticed that his head was bandaged as if he were wearing a headband. All the patients who were wounded in battle were confined in the main hospital, and in this branch hospital were the patients who contracted diseases during the battle. So I

thought that he was wounded by some other accident during his confinement here due to dengue fever. At that time, I did not especially give much heed to his wound. But as the bandage seemed to cover his right eye, that fact remained in my mind even after I had gone back to my room. I knew not how it was, but the white bandage which I saw in the moonlight lingered for a long time in my vision.

On the evening of the next day, the eloquent patient of the previous night greeted me in my sick-room. The hospital building where he was confined was about two *tyō* (about thirty-six meters) away from our hospital building. Our hospital building was situated in the southernmost part of the compound, and his hospital building was in the northernmost part. He brought me a half of the melon which was presented to him by the headquarters of his troop for his consolation. Fortunately, in the afternoon of that day we

were given some cigarettes as additional ration. So I gave them to him. He at once opened the package and, fishing out and lighting a cigarette, he smoked a first puff delightfully. And he said, "A package of these cigarettes is sold for eighty centavos in the streets." Since we entered the city of Manila, the prices have risen up higher and higher, and the price of the cigarettes which were at first sold for ten centavos, is said to have risen to eighty centavos within several months only. I, who do not smoke, was apt to be careless about such a thing, but to smokers, that seemed to be a matter of importance every day. But afterwards, even I was surprised to hear that *Lucky Strike*, which cost twenty centavos a package rose up to P2.50, and *Camel* which was fifteen centavos became P2.20. "As the price of cigarettes is so high that the salary of soldiers like us is not enough even to buy cigarettes," he said, "Toyosima, who is more fond of ciga-

rettes than I, is harder pressed." The name of the eloquent patient was Nogami, and his companion, whose head was bandaged, was a soldier called Toyosima. Both of them were first privates of an undisclosed corps. "Last night, when we went back to our rooms, we promised each other to come here today and converse with you, but today at about noon we went to swim in the pool and Toyosima's fever came back, and he now lies sick in bed. Now his fever is not so high, but if the fever becomes higher he will be troublesome." First Private Nogami laughed, puffing out smoke rings cleverly. The two companions were confined in adjoining rooms. This hospital occupies the former building of the Y.M.C.A., and a fine swimming pool is constructed in the court. If the temperature of patients subsides to normal, and when they seem to have recovered, I am told, they are usually tested by swimming in this pool. Then, the patients whose fever does not return are per-

mitted to leave the hospital. He said that today the two of them swam together, but First Private Toyosima seemed not to be quite well as yet, and his fever came again. Suddenly, the figure of First Private Toyosima, with his bandaged head, appeared before my eyes, but I saw him in the darkness last night, so I did not know how his face looked like. If it were not for the bandage around his head, perhaps I could not have recognized him even if we met at the corridor. At any rate, it was rather improper to swim with his wound still in bandage. Hearing my remark about that point, First Private Nogami said, laughing, "He is the son of a fisherman. He can swim in any turbulent waters without getting wet above his chin." I asked him about the thing which had been in my mind since last night. And First Private Nogami answered calmly, "Oh, are you asking about his bandage? One of his eyes was wounded by a fragment of cannon shell."

When I wanted to ask more detail about it, the door opened and a Filipino nun entered into my room to inject me. Sister Francisca, dressed in her white habit and a white hat shaped like outstretched wings, and with her usual calm and gentle smile, searched for the vena in my left arm, with the assistance of the nurse on duty. Several nuns came to this hospital to volunteer their services, and after the patients had recovered their normal temperature, the nuns injected them with grape-sugar every day for a certain length of time. As she was not a specialist along this line, the nun betrayed an uncertainty in the movements of her hands when inserting the injecting syringe into the flesh of my arm, and even after the insertion she searched for the vena with the point of the needle several times. "Is she still injecting?" said First Private Nogami, who was observing the procedure. He seemed suddenly to have noticed the shadow on the yard outside of the window

indicating the setting of the sun, and he went out, saying, "It is already time for supper. I'll come again."

After that evening, First Private Nogami came frequently to pass the time with me. And I asked him more particulars about his companion. He said, "First Private Toyosima suffered from a fever of thirty-eight degrees on the night of the day when we swam in the pool, but after that his fever subsided lower and lower each day. I think he will recover his normal temperature soon. After that, he said, he will come with me to your room, but with a temperature of thirty-eight degrees, even he himself did not weep out 'Kill me, please!' " And that jovial soldier laughed.

Later, at some time, he brought to me a sheet of letter-paper with some writings on it, which were *Waka* or Japanese poems in thirty-one syllables, about dengue fever, written by First Private Toyosima, the essence of which is as follows:

- (1) "Although I was certain that I only would not suffer from any disease, dengue fever attacked me seriously and I groaned for three or four days."
- (2) "I roll about because I suffer from great pains in every joint of my body, and I can scarcely manage my bulky physique."
- (3) "When I am groaning because of my pains, it seems as if some persons were drinking wine before a turning electric fan in the adjoining room."

The above Japanese poems in thirty one syllables written by First Private Toyosima, in Romanized Japanese, are as follows:

- (1) Ware nomi wa
Yamai wa seizi to
Omoi sini
Dengu omori te
Mika yoka unaru.
- (2) Husibusi no
Itami kurusiku
Hanten su
Waga Daihyō no
Tai mote-amasu.
- (3) Kurusisa ni
Unari te areba
Rinsitu ni
Sempūki mawa-si
Sake nomu kihai.

- (4) "I wake up in the night but I have nobody to talk with in my room, and inevitably cannot do anything but gaze at the electric lamp."
- (5) "Dengue fever is an awful disease: its fever is very high, and I feel as if all the parts of my body were torn asunder."
- (6) "If one suffers through pain after pain, it's said, one can recover from the disease, and there is no good medicine for it: how wonderful a disease it is!"

-
- (4) Yo o okite
Katarau Hito no
Heya ni nasi
Ware wa yamu-naku
Dento mi-mamoru.
- (5) Dengu to wa
Kanasiki Yamai
Netu takaku
Tai bara-bara ni
Tokuru Kokoti su.
- (6) Kurusimi te
Kurusimi nuke ba
Naoru tyō
Yoki kusuri naki
Yamai okasi-ki.

(7) "I felt as if the fever subsided a little when, for trial, I cried out in a loud voice: and so I cry out in a loud voice."

"This, indeed!" I smiled when I read the poem about the loud voice. First Private Nogami laughed, puffing out his cigarette smoke in rings. "Far from being a loud voice, it is like a wail of distress at the agonies of death." There followed still more poems. First Private Nogami continued, "Toyosima is the son of a fisherman, but his father is a provident man, and he educated his son until the third year class of a middle school, so Toyosima is brought up as a man of fair taste." We only felt a great interest at the fact that the soldier who is so vigorous and furious as to astound us at the battlefields, groans out such miserable cries of distress in such a place where cannon shells do not

(7) Taisai o
Hassi te mire ba
Netu no yava
Sizumaru Kokoti site
Taisei hassu.

come. Because no one can call First Private Toyosima a coward.

On the hill to the west of Mabatang a serious battle was waged to assault Natib. Enemy positions fired toward us numberless cannon shells and rifle bullets poured like showers. The enemy troops were versed in the terrain and still our troops were small in number. Our soldiers, once having cut through the barbed wire entanglements, occupied the enemy trenches, but fell into a hard battle because of the counter-attack of enemy troops in several tenfold numbers. The commander of a section fell down, and one of the non-commissioned officers assumed the command of the section. Soldiers fell down one after another. As a squad leader fell dead, First Private Toyosima assumed the leadership of the squad. First Private Nogami belonged to an adjacent squad. The eyes of the soldiers were bloodshot, and they gripped their rifles with the bayonets fixed,

so hard that it seemed they would break them. Even in such difficult situations they attempted to charge into the enemy troops. As a light machine-gunner fell down, First Private Toyosima took his place. He pulled the trigger quite calmly, sputtering the bullets at the enemy positions. A cannon shell exploded in the vicinity very close by him, pieces of the shell splattered about him, and one of them struck the face of First Private Toyosima. He fell down there with a low groan. First Private Nogami ran to the side of his comrade. In a little while First Private Toyosima lifted up his face which was stained with fresh blood. A piece of torn flesh was hanging out from his face, which was crimsoned with blood. His right eyeball was gouged out. Grasping the gouged eyeball with his right hand, he plucked it off from his face, crying, "Oh, it's just an obstruction." Having thrown it away, he pushed closely the butt of the light machine-gun

against his right shoulder as if he were fixing it to his body. And as he was usually accustomed to, he began to aim with his right eye; but he instantly realized that he possessed no more his right eye, and said, "Damn it! It makes me laugh." And he burst out into a loud and piercing laughter. He once more aimed with his left eye and pulled the trigger. With a pleasant sound the bullets flew out from the muzzle with fire. But a short time later, he fell down as if his strength had been exhausted. First Private Nogami, grasping the shoulders of his comrade, cried out, "Fall back!" First Private Toyosima answered, "I will never fall back!" He lifted his face again and, opening the bullet-box himself, re-loaded the gun. Seeing his demoniacal comrade still pulling the trigger with the fingers of his blood-stained hand, First Private Nogami felt a chill throughout his whole body. The bullets seemed to be flying out from both eye-sockets of his com-

rade. First Private Nogami was also slightly wounded by a cannon shell on his left shoulder. Communication having been reopened with the rear lines, reinforcements reached our position and the aspect of the battle became advantageous to us. A private of the Army Medical Corps came and wound a sling cloth around the head of First Private Toyosima, and forced him to fall back on a stretcher to a field first-aid station. A little while before evening that enemy battle position at Mabatang was occupied. It was then already twilight.

First Private Nogami told me this story three times from respectively different angles. During any of his other talks, if he happened to find some cue, he would start from that point and eventually repeat the story from the beginning to the end. His particularly husky voice, the loudness of his tone and, when he became excited by his own story now and then, the dislocation of the chronological

order of events, made it frequently quite difficult for me to listen to him in the midst of his narration. But in his tone there was quite the same sound as when he was disclosing the delirious raving of his comrade on that moonlit night. After all, the fact that he spoke in the same tone whether he was abusing or admiring his comrade proved how deeply he loved his friend. He added lonesomely that as soon as Toyosima recovered from his fever he would be sent home. I was told that First Private Toyosima entered this hospital when the wound in his right eye was almost healed, and even the ship which he was to embark on was already determined. Nogami also told me, "Toyosima's wound has already healed, but when his temperature is high the wound also seems to ache." Lowering his tone in spite of his usual loud voice, he added, "Moreover, I know one thing which I do not tell anyone else. That is, when he is suffering from high fever and utters things in

delirium, he invariably cries out, 'Give me my eye! Give me my eye!' in a tune like that of a song. In ordinary times he usually says, 'One eye is good enough for me,' pretending that he does not mind about his other eye. And yet, in reality it may not be so. His parents are sound and healthy, but he is unmarried. He is the only son and heir. I have four brothers and I am the third son, so I thought I could die at any time, but many of my comrades died while I remain still alive. Anyway, Toyosima only lost one of his eyes and it can be said that he is rather lucky. That, however, is only our own feeling, but for him it is not so, isn't it? Therefore, I never tell anyone about his crying for his other eye during his delirium. Concerning this matter, moreover, I do not let him know that he says such a thing." First Private Nogami, saying these, puffed out his cigarette smokes in rings at random as if he were irritated by something. I looked at his face.

Even though he is very frank and at a glance, so to speak, he appeared flighty, First Private Nogami felt such a delicate concern about his comrade.

Furthermore, he added one more story. The battle at Mabatang was over and it was evening, and the incident happened when all the troops had assumed their respective lookout positions at the battlefield. First Private Nogami was on sentry duty. The wound inflicted on his shoulder by a fragment of cannon shell was not serious, so he only applied an adhesive plaster on his wound and stood on duty. All around him was in darkness even if stars were twinkling in the sky above. The Southern Cross was shining high up above Mount Mariveles, whose dark height was sprawling from east to west. The constellation queerly weighed on his mind, so now and then he looked up to it during his watch on the ground. Except for the sounds of rifle firing which were heard at times, all

around him was still and in silence. When the grass rustled at a blast of the wind, he cocked his attention to it. Insects were also chirping. He did not know what time it was, but suddenly he heard what sounded like footsteps. But it did not come from in front but from behind him. The footsteps approached and a dark figure appeared on the grassy underbrush. "Who goes there?" queried First Private Nogami in a low voice. The dark figure did not answer, but instead seemed to fall down on the grass. The sentry, suspecting some danger, pointed his bayonet and prepared his finger to pull the trigger, and asked once more, "Who goes there?" The dark figure stood up on the grass again and a voice was heard. "Are you Nogami?" It was the voice of First Private Toyosima. First Private Nogami was surprised, because this comrade, who was seriously wounded and should be lying at the field first-aid station, had come to such a sentry line at the front-

most sector. A sentry could not leave his post, but instantly he remembered the place where First Private Toyosima was standing. It was the place where earlier in the day the troops had fought hard until the arrival of reinforcements, and where First Private Toyosima was wounded. At midnight, First Private Toyosima had stolen out from the field first-aid station and come here to look for the eye which he had plucked out and thrown away.

(The 22nd day of July, 1942.)

SOME MEMORIES ABOUT MANCHOUKUO

This year is the Tenth Anniversary of the Foundation of Manchoukuo, the origin of which, the Liuchaokou Incident, broke out on the 18th of September of the Sixth Year of the Syōwa Era (1931), or eleven years ago. Just on the 18th of September last year, or on the Tenth Anniversary of the Manchurian Incident, I was at Hsinking, the capital of Manchoukuo. The celebration of the Tenth Anniversary of the Incident was held to bless the flourishing development of Manchoukuo. Having been invited to the occasion I went there, and afterwards I made an observation tour for one month around the newly rising country. Now, I am filled with a profound emotion that after one year I greet the same commemoration day in Manila, the capital of the Philippines.

Last year, when I went around Manchoukuo, the biting cold of the weather pierced our skin and there were some days when we could not leave the side of our *pechka* (a Russian stove), and in some cases we were forced to change our schedule of activities due to heavy snow-storms. Now I am on the same commemoration day in the midst of the eternal summer of the Philippines, and I am writing this piece with only an undershirt on, and drying every so often my perspiration with a handkerchief.

At present, wars are raging everywhere on earth, and world history has reached the revolutionary epoch since the dawn of history. The Manchurian Incident, which originated from Liuchaokou, developed into the China Incident and, in connection with the outbreak of the second great war in Europe, culminated as a natural result into the Greater East Asia War. Thus, since the outbreak of the Greater East Asia War, the

various important positions of Great Britain and the United States of America in East Asia were captured by the Imperial Japanese Forces, and in less than a year, I came from the northernmost region of Manchoukuo to the Philippines in the South. Through such changes, the fact which we, as Japanese, can realize with great pride is that our Fatherland, Japan, is a great nation. Throughout all the battle fronts and the occupied regions, the peerlessly fierce valour of the Imperial Forces is expanding their sphere of action, and vigorous strides of reconstruction are being made all over such a broad area. We are stretching our national strength serenely and gracefully, and yet our Japanese Empire leaves untouched a great reserve of energy.

When Manchoukuo was founded under the guidance of Japan, the atrocious United States of America and Great Britain would not recognize it. In spite of this fact, the prosperity of Manchoukuo of today, rejecting

every kind of defamation, is advancing along the line of development in every aspect. Nothing can deny the actual fact.

I saw in the towns everywhere in Manchoukuo the faces overflowing with smiles of Manchoukuoans, who are living in peace and enjoying their everyday work. They told me, with the expression of intimacy peculiar to them, the hearty pleasure which they enjoy in the pursuance of their daily occupation, having escaped from the exploitation and fear of warlords and bandits. I can't forget the impression from the silhouette stage plays, which I saw at a certain back-street in Mukden. It was a rather dark and dirty place, but there was a stage made of stretched thin paper, and from behind which a light projected the silhouettes of dolls with various poses and colours, were moved about as if they were alive, by the clever manipulations of Manchoukuoan entertainers. Gorgeously painted colours, strangely rare symbolic fea-

tures, and superrealistic rhythm of the silhouettes, were accompanied with the music of drums, wooden clappers, flutes, gongs, etc. In the gallery on the bare ground there were many square tables, on which many Manchoukuans were sipping hot tea, while enjoying the show with overflowing leisurely smiles on their serenely insipid faces. Some of the musical shows were traditional old ones, some others were new ones in which the subject of the foundation of New Manchoukuo was interwoven. I felt that my mind was also fused into the pleasant atmosphere of the dark show-room, and I could not leave that place until the Manchoukuans went out noisily with the countenance of satisfaction, after all the numbers in the programme were over. I could not but feel that the atmosphere of this narrow and close room at this back-street symbolizes that the New Manchoukuo, prosecuting the necessary development, has by degrees, steadying herself, achieved a calm composure.

I feel, of course, the same emotion in the scenes of magnificent construction in the towns as in such outskirts. Many metal and coal mines are exploited, and railroads are laid down toward every direction, electric power is generated by damming up large rivers and illuminates marvelous lights. The great river Sungari was made into such a large lake as to have so great dimensions as several tens kilometers of depth and width. The electric power which is generated by the difference of levels made by the dam can illuminate the bright electric lights all over the vast area of Manchoukuo with a population of nearly forty millions. Manchoukuo increases her population more and more since after the incident, and it has now the tendency to increase at a still greater rate. The people are streaming into the pleasant land.

The vigorous work of reclamation has been begun all over the vast regions, which were deserted due to the rampancy of war-

lords and bandits. I visited Manchoukuo three times, and at each time invariably my surprise was renewed. The place where I found desolate moors at my first visit, became a field, the grasses on it having been mown at my second visit, and at my third visit abundant fluffy cotton flowers were blooming and ripening there. The fertile lands of Manchoukuo are still vastly stretching. The desolate plains, which were heretofore left untouched are reclaimed as if water were permeating them; in some places *kaoliang*, in some other places, cotton, and in still other places, beans, rice, wheat, or other agricultural products are planted and harvested. Now that I am in the Philippines, the above fact makes me look at the uncultivated lands all over the Philippines. Why are such plentiful lands left uncultivated? I cannot help wondering about it. A land which can afford to sustain a two or three-crop farming, is now utilized only for one-crop farming:

moreover, the method of cultivation is very extremely careless. Furthermore, other lands, in which if cotton would be planted or wheat sown, much harvest could be obtained, are left deserted with a profuse growth of weeds and dust, leaving them for carabaos to gambol about. This fact, however, may be due to some elements which heretofore have been preventing the advantageous utilization of the land. The Epicureanistic and materialistic civilization, which was brought over by the Americans, must have disdained such agricultural cultivation and made light of the spirit of labour. In Manchoukuo, too, the case was formerly the same. But now the Filipinos themselves restored their sound and healthy spirit, and the condition under which they can produce new crops to their entire satisfaction on their own land. They should emulate the good example of Manchoukuo.

If I continue the narration of my memories about Manchoukuo, it would be boundless. I

want to relate more memories at another opportunity. The development of industry is remarkably amazing, and the upgrowth of the new civilization is quite phenomenal. Just as in the Philippines today the establishment of its new civilization is an important subject, in Manchoukuo also the movement for the establishment of its new civilization is being energetically developed.

In the Philippines there seems to be very few Manchoukuoans, but we are all alike Orientals. The complexion, the colour of the eyes and the hair are all the same. What reason is there for the difference of thought? Only in some cases have the original figures of us, Orientals, been distorted. But the Greater East Asia War has begun as a sacred war to adjust every such kind of distortion. In the Co-Prosperity Sphere of Greater East Asia, the Filipinos and Manchoukuoans are both alike our brethren. I hope that Filipinos may have a good under-

standing towards Manchoukuo.

The fact that while I was suffering from snow-storms last year on this same 18th of September, one year later on the same date, I am exposed to scorching heat, makes me deliberate, setting aside my own private concerns, on the vastness of the scale of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, and at the same time it makes me conceive an immeasurable hope for the creation of a new history as Oriental people.

(The 18th of September, 1942.)

AN ENEMY GENERAL

The ceremony of unveiling the Memorial Monument for the Filipino soldiers who died from diseases at the concentration camp in O'Donnell was held on the 18th of September, 1942. A part of the prisoners of war, numbering about tens of thousands, who were sent from the battlefields of Bataan to O'Donnell after the surrender of the USAFFE, died after they were concentrated in the camp. It was an inevitable fate, considering their conditions at the battlefields of Bataan. At the battlefields under the scorching heat, while American soldiers could get enough provisions, the Filipino soldiers could scarcely get food. And they were at the extremity of exhaustion; moreover, they were suffering from malaria and dengue fevers, and some of them, furthermore, contracted dysentery. If hostilities lasted longer, they would have

fallen dead in Bataan, and really there were not a few of them who died not because of bullets. Thinking of such things, I cannot help feeling a strong indignation toward the inhumanity of the American forces.

For the unfortunate Filipino soldiers who died after their arrival in the concentration camp, the Memorial Monument was erected in a lot within the compound of the camp. The unveiling was held in the rain, which began to fall just at that time. There were present from the Japanese Forces, the Chief of the Staff; Colonel Utunomiya; Lieutenant-Colonel Katuya, Chief of the Department of Information; the instructors for the training of the prisoners of war, Lieutenant Nakamura, Sub-Lieutenant Miyabe, Sub-Lieutenant Ikeda, Mr. Hamamoto, a civilian on special military duty; and others. A funeral dirge was played by the former military band of the Filipino prisoners of war, and beautiful flower wreaths were dedicated by the members of

the Filipino Women's Association. Being wet by the windy rain-fall, the cloth which veiled the square pillar, which was nearly one *myō* (about three meters) in height, was flapping in its black lustre, and the several thousands of prisoners of war, with tanned complexion and in various costumes, were standing in the mud and wet with rain. The cloth was removed slowly by the hands of Lieutenant-Colonel Ito, commander of the concentration camp, and we could read three characters in gold, in Japanese, "I-rei-hi", meaning "the Monument for the Consolation of the Souls," and the epitaph in Tagalog meaning, "Praying for the bliss of the souls of unknown warriors."

I recognized an old man standing among the invited guests. He is, however, not of such an age as to be called "old". He is still

The epitaph in Tagalog is as follows: "Sa magiting na alaala ng mga kawa ng Pilipino na nasawi dito, ang ban-tayan na ito'y bawat isa ay ng kanilang mga ka-rindan at kasintahan at sandatahan," which means "In fond memory of the Filipino soldiers who died here, this monument is wholeheartedly dedicated by their friends and comrades-in-arms."

fifty-seven years of age only. But his figure, receiving the rainfall directly on his face, bending his body a little forward, and with his eyebrows showing a very slight shadow of a frown, made him appear to be very old. He was General Capinpin. He had on a plain white suit, which was quite crumpled, with an indifferently fixed necktie, and he held his helmet with both hands; his pair of brown shoes, however, was very muddy due to his having come on foot through the mud, and although the lower edges of his trousers were rolled up, they were splashed with mud nearly up to his knees. I felt an irrepressible good feeling for this general. This was the second time for me when I felt very strongly inclined to pat his shoulders.

Hearing about the ceremony of unveiling of the Memorial Monument, he requested that he be allowed to attend the occasion, and he came here in spite of his illness. He is at present staying in Manila, and receiving

medical treatment for his inveterate disease, hepatitis, or inflammation of the liver. But he could by no means stay peacefully in Manila, and so he came to O'Donnell, hobbling his way afoot after having ridden the slow train for four hours. He is short, moreover stocky and bull-necked, and gives us an impression of a certain resemblance to a hippopotamus. Anyway, he is a person of rather unprepossessing appearance. If we look at him in his plain suit, he seemed to be a village pedagogue, and one could scarcely think of him that he was once a commander of a division, leading and ordering the regiments under his command in the battlefields of Bataan.

On the 3rd of April the general assault was begun, and at the same time of the breaking through enemy positions at Mount Samat, Division Commander Capinpin was also captured by our forces. Japanese soldiers found an old Filipino soldier who was wandering alone in a jungle, and they brought him to

their unit headquarters. The Japanese soldiers took him, judging from his appearance, for someone like a non-commissioned officer. Seeing that he was emaciated, and appeared to be hungry, they gave him biscuits. He ate them greedily, crouching by the telegraph-pole. He was Division Commander Capinpin, but they could hardly identify that he was a Division Commander; moreover, it could scarcely be imagined by the Japanese soldiers that a Division Commander would wander about in the mountain alone. There came upon the scene, Mr. Sakihara, interpreter of the Department of Information, and unwittingly spoke to him. Then he said that he was a Brigadier General. Mr. Sakihara suspected that this old soldier might be out of his mind, and he brought Turingan, a Filipino prisoner of war, to identify his shoulder-straps, and it was found out that he must certainly be a Brigadier General. Then they asked more detailed questions, and this miser-

ably appearing old soldier was undoubtedly the Commander of the 21st Division, General Capinpin himself. The 21st Division included, besides the 22nd and 23rd Regiments, other special units: numbering to seventy-five hundred in all; but since the outbreak of the war deserters and sick-soldiers occurred one after another, thus reducing their original number to one-half. He said that the 21st Division took up the defense of the Eastern regions of Samat, but at the same time with the beginning of the general assault, all the troops under his command were completely routed, and even his staff officers and adjutant were dispersed, and he was left alone. Mr. Sakihara said to the soldiers who brought him, "You have brought in a big game. He is a Division Commander. You have done a distinguished service which merits a first-class recognition." And then, it was said, the soldiers blushed in embarrassment. When I heard the story from Mr. Sakihara,

I was dumbfounded at the slovenliness of the USAFFE, and at the same time I felt a shadow of something like sympathy for the Division Commander, who had been left alone and became a prisoner of war.

But as the conditions of battle-operations developed and numberless prisoners of war appeared, I slowly forgot unawares about the firstly captured Filipino general. Then, when the assault against Corregidor was finished and the pacification of the Philippines was almost accomplished after several months, I by chance got the opportunity of meeting this enemy general again. It was at the concentration camp at Stotsenburg. Near the Dau railroad station is Camp Del Pilar, where formerly a regiment of the USAFFE was stationed. Between Mount Arayat, which is like the pressed shape of Mount Huzi in Japan, and the mountain ranges of Zambales which is stretching long but with sharp and peaked undulations, there is the vastly

stretching grassy plain of Stotsenburg, in which there are several blocks of barracks with neat and tasteful red roofs. There, several thousands of Filipino soldiers, who were transferred from O'Donnell were undergoing a cultural training. If I describe in detail this training camp, the space cannot accommodate it, but in short, the educational training was carried out for them, emphasizing that our real enemy is the United States of America but not the Philippines; that Filipino soldiers once fired against us, but we recognize that they were under the pressure of inevitable circumstances; and that we expect, as Oriental brethren alike, and as co-operators in the establishment of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, the Filipino soldiers, moreover, should assume the responsibility and mission as champions of the reconstruction of the New Philippines in the future; and afterwards they were released by an unprecedentedly benevolent measure. Thus, I, too, spent ten and several days at this camp.

As I mentioned at the beginning, many prisoners of war who were concentrated at O'Donnell, died of disease every day. Moreover, water is not ample, while that place is a basin and when rain falls it becomes a swamp. In spite of every possible suitable measure taken by the Japanese military authorities, there arose a complete undefensible condition, as if it were a kind of act of God. For this reason the prisoners of war who were transferred from O'Donnell to Stotsenburg, expressed themselves their feeling that "it is as if they were being lifted to the Kingdom of Heaven." So much so that some of the Filipino soldiers recovered their spirits, and they were completely cured of their diseases, only by the fact that they came to Stotsenburg, where the air is fresh and water is abundant. The training was carried out in three terms. And some of those who graduated returned to O'Donnell again, as instructors to train the remaining prisoners of war there

also. The chief of the faculty of training who was sent to O'Donnell was General Capinpin. It was on the 9th of August last that they started.

It is not so difficult to imagine how they felt about returning again to the place from where they came out with a feeling of "ascending to the Kingdom of Heaven." It may be said that the feeling of Brigadier General Capinpin, and the three hundred instructors under him, was heroic. But Brigadier General Capinpin, with a countenance full of determination, said, "We start here with determination to deliver our comrades-in-arms, with whom we shared the tribulations in Bataan. We are starting with a feeling of going to the battle-front again to prosecute our duty." The time to start approached. They fell in lines, as if they became soldiers again, hanging their knapsacks and canteens across each other from their shoulders, and carrying in their hands their various person-

al paraphernalia. Brigadier General Capinpin stood in front: and after him, Generals Segundo, de Jesus and others followed. They began their march at the striking up of the farewell music played by the former military band of the prisoners of war.

After the march was commenced, a heavy rain suddenly came falling in torrents at the same time when they went out from the gates of the camp. General Capinpin has been suffering from inflammation of the liver, and so he limped slightly as he walked. When the rain began to fall, he hastened his pace and trotted along, and his lameness became more obvious. As he carried baskets in both his hands, he could not unstrap and unfold his overcoat; and he merely rolled up the lower edges of his trousers. Brigadier General Capinpin, who is short and looking like a village pedagogue, took the lead and toddled at the head of the group, all the while being pattered by the heavy rainfall. Lieutenant

Nakamura, who was beside him, being unable to remain merely a spectator, proposed to carry one of the baskets for the General.

"Never mind, I was formerly an infantryman," General Capinpin said, and hurried toward the Dau railroad station.

I cannot suppress the emotion which was overflowing from my bosom at such a sight of General Capinpin. I instinctively felt a strong inclination to pat the shoulders of this admirable general with all the capacity of my sincerity.

Thus Brigadier General Capinpin reached O'Donnell, and he devoted himself to the training of the prisoners of war there. Then, all the terms of training were over, and on the 18th of September the graduation ceremony was held at the same time with the ceremony of unveiling the Memorial Monument. In the evening, after all the ceremonies were over, I was entertained with unusual dishes of turkey at the official residence of Lieutenant-

Colonel Itō in the town of Capas. Thus, at the supper I was favoured with the opportunity of exchanging a glass of wine with General Capinpin. Before this, he was a man who led a military life for thirty-seven years, twenty-two years of which, I was told, he served as a captain. The highest rank for the Filipino soldiers is Major-General, and General Francisco is such; and it seems that it was the policy of the United States of America, not to promote the Filipino officers from rank to rank for a long time. He is a very studious person and he acquired various knowledges through correspondence courses, and he spoiled his eyes because of such a practice. Wine is a great favourite with him, but since he suffered from a disease of the liver he was prohibited from drinking by his physician, and recently he has not drunk so much. He is suffering not only from a diseased liver but also, recently, from ailments in various parts of his body, and a few days

ago he could not stand up owing to the pains in his waist; while, I was told, on one hand, his ankles ached, his fingers, on the other hand, were also benumbed.

Outside of the windows Philippine acacia trees were growing thickly, and as it became evening they began to fold their leaves as if they were preparing to go to sleep. Capas is a fine town, thickly verdured, calm and serene. An Indian, called David Shaw, came and added to the entertainment of the group by displaying very clever sleight-of-hand tricks. There was an atmosphere of a kind of relief in the group after the completion of the long training of the prisoners of war; but at the same time there was also a shade of something resembling lonesomeness.

As we were offered, we lifted our glasses of wine. There was also "sake" or Japanese wine, which could be seldom secured here. I made it one of my pleasant routines during my stay at Stotsenburg to read again *Mangō-*

syū (the oldest anthology of Japanese poems), and at this magnanimous banquet, which followed the ceremonies at Stotsenburg, I was reminded of the eulogistic poem on "sake" written by Lord Ōtomo-Tabito.

General Capinpin, being cautious of his disease in these last few days, would not drink. It was an extreme pity to see the General, who was called a "hard drinker", sitting lonesomely before his favourite wine. However, it was only at the beginning. He said that a little wine would not hurt him and, making an excuse that it is not courteous to the guests that he alone should abstain from drinking, he touched his mouth timidly to a glass of wine and drank as if he were drinking a bitter medicine. Then, it became just like the priming water poured into a pump. A little more would not hurt him, he said, and he drank two or three glasses in succession. After that, displaying a complexion of resolution, he said, "I will not regret it even if I die," and forth-

with he began to empty glass after glass by taking big draughts.

Standing up, he approached me, and grasping my hand, he said, "I have seen you in the mountains of Bataan." But actually we did not see each other. Suddenly, his figure in uniform, commanding the troops under him, appeared in my mind, and immediately afterwards his figure biting biscuits by the telegraph-pole was superimposed upon the first vision. Seeing his rolled-up trousers splashed with mud, I was reminded of his figure walking wet in the heavy rainfall. I have no means of realizing the thoughts conceived deeply in their inner selves and the real changes in their hearts. How can it be explained that those who once took up arms under the colours of the United States of America and fought against us, are now thus drinking wine with us, who were their enemies only several months ago? We can laugh at their opportunism at any time. But the sin-

cerity of human beings which is involved in the great war of thoughts, cannot be considered not to be able to be drawn out into the movement of history. It can be thought that everything is false; but will it not deny both human beings and history to think so? Now, we are feeling around our own persons, as bitter reality, the fact that the human will, which was thought to be small and false, is changing history. The gigantic will is the current of destiny including human beings.

General Capinpin is now already fixing his necktie carelessly, shakes my hand frequently, and he even tries to pour wine into my mouth. This, his hand, must have written many times the order, which rendered our comrades-in-arms into the earth of Bataan. However, the discovery that we can already elevate our feeling of hatred by lofty and sublime thoughts, gives us hope. While the wine is poured by the drunken man into my mouth, I could not help the welling up of

magnanimous thought within my heart. Already we cannot think of any fraction of our daily life without realizing that we are Japanese, and we are within the orbit of history. That is not a haughty, but must indeed be a humble thought.

General Capinpin, who narrowed his eyes like a hippopotamus, and with a pose of staring a little obliquely at me, said, "I am already quite old, so I am no match for you, but I can beat you with the aid of one more person." He seems to have already completely forgotten his old care for his disease. Then, lowering his voice, he asked, "How do you think of Major General Francisco?" He had once been Chief of the Staff under Major General Francisco. Major General Francisco is a famously reticent man, and there was scarcely any person who saw his face in a smile. But I think I have observed that the unamiable Major General Francisco, since he was taken as a prisoner of war, experienced a

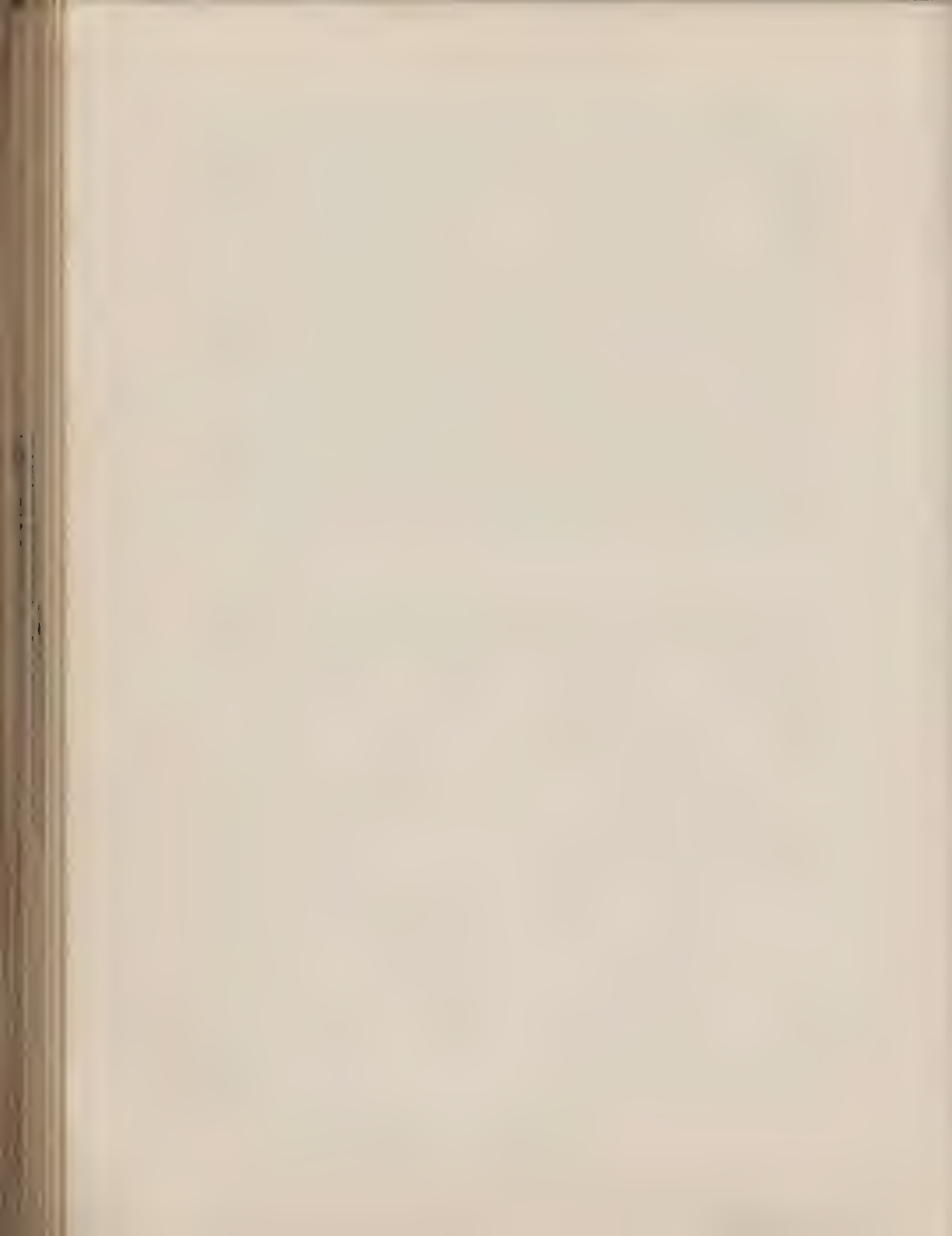
serious mental struggle. I can feel history even in the significance of Major General Francisco's recent smiling. Moreover, General Capinpin and General Francisco might have been good comrades-in-arms. Thus, it is a very pleasant spectacle for me to observe the figures of these two generals who, after the experiences at the battlefields, having made up their minds to cooperate with Japan, endeavour and, sometimes even experience agonizing mental struggles.

Being quite drunk, General Capinpin at last began to sing with a glass of wine in his hand. Then he began to dance in a strange manner. All the persons said that they have never seen a very pleasant General Capinpin as tonight. What made him so happy? Already there is no need of such an inquiry, but I was inclined to be as drunk as he was.

At the town of Capas, I left General Capinpin, who said, "I am so drunk that I may die tomorrow." I wonder whether at present he

is already beginning to suffer from his diseased liver, unable to stretch himself, and groaning with pain. At daybreak, strati, flowing across the cloudy sky, surround Mount Arayat, striping its summit with several lines; and over the grassy plain of Stotsenburg verdant breeze wafts, and from the direction of Camp Del Pilar the chorus at the ceremony of hoisting the national flag, which is a daily ritual, resounds to me.

(At Stotsenburg, the 19th of September, 1942.)



チャットの山頂をいく筋にも切つてとりまき、ストツチエンバーグの草原に青い
風がふきわたる、デル・ピラル兵營の方から、毎日の行事である國旗掲揚式の合
唱がひびいて來るのである。(ストツチエンバーグにて。九月十九日)

コ將軍が、捕虜になつて以來の心のはげしい戦ひを見て來たと思つてゐる。このころフランススコ少將のときどきうかべる笑ひの意義にさへ、私は歴史を感じる。また、カピンビン將軍とフランススコ將軍はよき戦友であつたであらう。さうしても、この二人の將軍が、戦場の輝耀のち日本と協力してゆかうと決意して、努力し、目つ、ときには苦惱してゐる姿を見ることは、私にはさわやかなことに思はれる。

いよいよ酔ひのまはつゝカピンビン將軍は手にコップを持つたまま、酔ひはじめた。それから珍妙なかつこうで踊りだした。だれも今宵のやうに愉快なカピンビン將軍を見たものはないといつた。なにが、そんなに彼をうれしくさせたか。もはや、そんな食欲はもうでもよく、私も彼とともに酔はうといふ心になつて來たのであつた。

こんなに飲んではもう自分は明日は死ぬかも知れない、といふカピンビン將軍と私はカバスの町で別れて來た。いまごろは、彼はまた肝臓がいたみだして腰が立たずうなつてゐるであらうか。夜かあけると、曇り勝の空をながれる層雲が、ア

りにゆすぶり、私の口のなかに酒をそそがうとさへする。この手はわれわれの戦友をバタアンの上とした命令を、いくたびとなく書いた手であらう。しかしながら、もはやわれわれが憎悪の感情を高い思想によつて揚棄し得るといふ發見は、われわれに希望をあたへる。私は酔っぱらひの酒を口のなかにながしこまれながら、大膽な思惟が心のなかにわいて來て仕方がない。もはや、いかなる日常の斷片もが、われわれが日本人であり、さうして、歴史の軌道のなかにあるといふことを除外しては、考へられないのである。それは傲岸といふことではなく、それこそはもつとも謙虛なる思惟にちがひない。

河馬のやうに眼を細めたカピンピン將軍は、やや斜に私を睨むしぐさで、

「わしはもう年をとつたので、一人ではかなはないが、二人なら負けはせん」

などといふ。彼はもう病氣のことなどは念頭にないらしい。それから聲をひそめて、フランシスコ少將をどう思ふか、などとさく。彼はフランシスコ少將の畫謀長をしてゐたこともある。フランシスコ少將は有名なひつとり屋であつて、彼の笑顔を見たものはめつたになかつたといふ。しかし、私は無愛想なフランシス

てゐて部下を指揮してゐる姿がふつとつかひ、そのすぐあとに、電柱のかげで乾
桶靴をかじつてゐる姿がそのうへに重なつた。彼のはしよつたスボンが泥のはね
まよごれてゐるのを見て、私は豪雨のなかを濡れて行つた彼の姿をおもひだした。
彼らの深い思惟のほどと、その心の眞實の變化を、私は知るべくもない。ひとた
びは米國の旗の下に武器をとつて、われわれと戦つた彼らが、いま、かうして、
數日ヶ前までは敵であつたわれわれと酒をくみかはしてゐることを、どう解釋す
ればよいであらうか。われわれはいつても彼らの機會主義をわらふことができる。
しかしながら、大いなる思想のたたかひのなかに含まれてゐる人間の眞實が、歴
史のうちぎきのなかに没みとられることがないとは考へられない。すべてが虚偽で
あるといふことを考へること感ずるが、さう信じることは人間をも歴史をも否
定することにならないだらうか。いま、小さく虚妄であると考へられた人間の意
志が、歴史を變革しつつあることを、われわれは苦しいばかりの現實として身邊に
感じつつあるのである。巨大なる意志は、人間をもふくめた運命のながれである。

カピシビン將軍はもはやネクタイさへもだらしなくぶら下げて、私の手をしき

私はストウチエンバーグにゐる間、あらためて萬葉集を讀みかへすことをたのしい日課のひとつにしてゐたが、ストウチエンバーグからつづいてゐるこの大らかな宴席で、ふと、大伴旅人卿の諸酒歌などが心に浮んだりした。

カビンビン將軍は、數日前からの病狀を警戒して、酒をのまうとはしなかつた。酒豪と稱されてゐた將軍が、自分の好きな酒を前にして、しよんぼりしてゐるのは氣の毒のいたりであつた。しかしながら、それもはじめだけであつた。彼はすこしはよからうといひ、自分だけのまぬのは客に對して失禮にあたるから、と辭解しながら、おそろおそろコップに口をつけ、苦いものをのむやうにしてゐた。すると、それはまるで、ボンズにさそひの水をそそいだやうなものであつた。もうすこしはよからうと彼はつづいて二三杯のんだ。それから決心の色を帯もてにあらはして、もう死んでもよい、といひながら、ぐいぐいと酒盞を空にしはじめた。

立ちあがつて、私のところにやつて來た彼は、私の手をにぎり、あなたとバタアの山のなかで會つたことがあるといつた。實際はないのである。彼が軍服を着

十七年間の軍隊生活をすてして來た男で、そのうちの二十二年は大尉をつとめたといふことである。比島人の最高は少將で、フランシスコ將軍がさうであるが、比島兵の將校をなかなか進級させなかつたのは、米國の政策であつたらしい。彼は非常な勉強家で、講義録によつてさまざまの知識を習得し、そのために眼をわるくしたほどであつた。酒は大の好物であつたが肝臓をわづらつてからは、壽者から酒を禁じられ、さいさんはあまり飲まないでゐた。肝臓のみではなく、このごろはあちらこちらが痛んで、二三日前は腰がいたくて立てなかつたり、さうかと思ふと、足のくるぶしがうづいたり、手の指がしびれたりしたさうである。

憲の外には合歡の木がしげり、夕ぐれとともに眠る支度をするやうに葉をしぼませはじめてゐた。カバスは緑の濃い閑散なよい町である。ダビッド・シヨオといふ印度人が來て、實に巧妙な手品をしてみせ、席に興を増した。席には長い間の捕虜訓練を終つたあとの、或るほつとした氣持があつた。同時に、また、それには一抹の寂寥に似たものもあつたのであるが。

すめられるままに、私たちは酒盞をあげた。めつたに見ない日本酒もあつた。

そのために城はいつそう目立つた。彼は両手にバスケットを下げてゐたので外套をはづすことができなかった。ただ、ズボンの下をはしやつただけである。村夫子然たる短軀のカビンビン代將はげしい雨にうたれながら、ちよこちよこ走りに先頭を歩いて行つた。傍についてゐて見かねた中村中尉が、バスケットをひとつ持つてやらうといつた。

「大丈夫だ、自分は歩兵の出です」

カビンビン將軍はさう答へたまま、ダウの停車場へ急いだ。

私はこのやうなカビンビン將軍の姿に胸にあふれる感動をおさへることができない。この立派な敵將軍の肩を力まかせにたたきたい衝動を感じる。

かくして、カビンビン代將はオオドネルへ到着し、捕虜兵の教育にあたつた。さうして、すべての教育期間は満了し、九月十八日は供養碑の除幕式と同時に、卒業式も行はれたのである。すべての行事が終つた夕、私はカバスの町にある伊藤中佐の官邸にゐて、めづらしい七面鳥の御馳走にあづかつた。さうしてその席上で、私はカビンビン將軍と酒盃をとりかはすことになつた。いつたい、彼は三

して、ふたたび、オオドナルへかへることになった。そのオオドナル派遣の教育基幹要員の隊長が、カビンビン將軍であつた。その出發は八月九日であつた。

天國へのぼる心地で出て來た場所へ、ふたたび歸ることが、彼らにとつてどのような氣持であつたかは想像するにたかない。カビンビン代將以下三百名の教官の心事は悲壯といつてよかつた。しかし、カビンビン代將は、決意にみなぎる表情をうかべて、自分たちはバターアンで苦難を共にした戦友を救ふ決心で出かけてゆく、いやなところへかへるといふのではなく、任務遂行のためにふたたび出征してゆく氣持でゆく、と語つた。出發の時刻がちかづいた。彼らはふたたび兵隊になつたやうに、十文字に襷や水筒をかけ、手に身廻り品を持つて整列した。先頭にカビンビン代將が立つた。そのあとに、セグンド、デ・ヘススなどの將軍がつづいた。捕虜軍樂隊の訣別の奏曲によつて、行進が起された。

行進がはじめられ、兵營の門を出ると同時に、とつせん、沛然たる豪雨がやつて來た。カビンビン將軍は肝臓炎のために長い間をやまされてゐて、歩くことのために心もち跛になる。雨が降りだすと彼はすこし小走りに歩度をはやめたが、

てゐては紙數が足りないが、一口にいへば、われわれの眞の敵は米國であつて比島ではない、比島兵は一時はわれわれにむかつて彈丸をはなつたが、それは止むなき事情であつたと認める、同じ兄弟たる東洋人として、大東亞共榮圈確立の協力者として、また、比島兵は將來における新比島建設の戦士たるべき任務と使命とを持つべきものとして、教育訓練が實施され、英勵をもつて釋放が決行されたのである。さうして、私も十數日をこの兵營で過した。

はじめに書いたやうに、オオドネルにおいては、收容された多くの捕虜が毎日のごとく痛ひにたはれた。また、あまり水も豊富ではなく、開地であるために雨が降ると沼になつた。日本軍のあらゆる適宜な措置にもかかはらず、一種の不可抵抗力のごとく、防ぎ得ない状態が生じた。そのために、捕虜たちがオオドネルからストツチエンバーグへ移されて来ることを、彼ら自身は「天國にのぼる心地」であると表現した。空氣のよい、水の豊富なストツチエンバーグへ来ただけで、比島兵は元氣を恢復し、病氣は全快したほどである。教育は三期間行はれた。さうして、その卒業生のうちのある者は、オオドネルにおいても行はれる捕虜教育の教官と

つれて来た兵隊に、あんただちはたいへんなものをつれて来たよ、これは師團長だよ、あんただちは殊勳甲だよ、といふと、はじめて兵隊はあはてだしたといふことであつた。私はその話を先原君から聞き、米比軍のだらしなさにあきれたと同時に、とり殘されて日本軍の捕虜となつた師團長に一抹の同情に似たものを感じた。

しかし、戦況の進展とともに、無數の捕虜があらはれて来るに及んで、私はさしよに捕まつたそのフイリツビンの將軍のことは忘れともなく忘れてゐた。さうしてコレヒドール攻略も終り、比島撤定もおぼひぬ成つた數ヶ月後になつて、ふたたび、この敵將軍と會ふ機會をはからずも持つたのである。それはストツチエンバーグの捕虜收容所においてであつた。グウの停車場にちかいところに當ては米比軍の聯隊のあつたデル・ピタルの兵營がある。富士山をまじつおしたやうなアラヤット山と、はげしい起伏を尖らしながら、ながながと連なつてゐるサンパレスの連山とにはさまれて、廣茫たるストツチエンバーグの草原がひらけてゐるが、そのなかに、満洲な赤屋根の幾棟かの兵舎がある。ここでオオドネルから移されて来た數千の比島兵が教育訓練をされてゐるのである。このことを詳しく書いて

日本の兵隊は風體からみて、その老兵を下士官くらゐと判断した。見ると憔悴し、腹を減らしてゐる様子なので乾餾糖をあたへると、電信柱のかげにしやがんでがつがつと食べた。それがカビンビン師團長であつたのであるが、兵隊はまさか師團長であらうとは氣づく筈もなく、また、師團長がひとりで山の中をうろついてゐるなどといふことは、日本の兵隊には考へられないことであつたのである。報道部の通譯の先原君がそこに來合はせて、何氣なく聲をかけると、自分は代將だといつた。先原君はこの老兵氣でもふれてゐるのではないかと思ひ、比島兵トリガンを連れて來て肩章を見せると、たしかに代將にちがひないことがわかつた。そこでよく訊ねてみると、この見すばらしい老兵はまがふかたのない二十一師團長カビンビン將軍であつた。二十一師團は二十二聯隊、二十三聯隊、その他の特科部隊をふくめて七千五百の兵員を擁してゐたのであつたが、戦争が初まると、逃亡兵や病人が續出して、その半数に減じてゐた。二十一師はサマツト東地島の防禦を擔當してゐたところ、總攻撃と同時に麾下部隊は總くづれになり、彼の幕僚も副官もばらばらになり、彼は一人ぼっちになつたといふのである。先原君が彼を

つたが、膝のちかくまで、泥のはねがあがつてゐた。私はこの將軍の姿におさへがたい好感をおぼえた。私が彼の肩をたたきたくなつたのは、これで二度目である。

供養碑の除幕式があると聞いて彼は自分から出陣を願ひ出、病軀をおかして來たのであつた。彼は現在ではマニラにゐて、持疾の肝臓炎の療養をしてゐるのであるが、どうしてもマニラにちつとしてゐることができず、四時前もかかるのろい汽車に乗つて、腰をひきひきオドネルへやつて來たのである。彼は背がひくいうへに、すんぐりと肥えふとり、猪くびなのでどこか河馬に似た感じがある。まづ風采はあがない方であらう。背廣姿でゐるのを見ると、あたかも村夫子然としてゐて、これが、かつてはバタアンの戦場で麾下驍隊を率ゐ、これに號令を下してゐた師團長であつたとはちよつと思へない。

四月三日に總攻撃が開始され、サマット山の敵陣地が突破されると同時に、カビンビン師團長はわが軍の捕虜となつた。日本の兵隊が密林のなかでひとりよりのワイリッビンの老兵がうろついてゐるのを見つけて、部隊本陣のところへつれて來た。

閣下をはじめ、宇都宮大佐、警屋報道部長、捕虜教育指導官、中村中尉、宮部少尉、油田少尉、濱本囃託、その他が参列した。捕虜軍楽隊によつて、葬送の曲が奏され、比島婦人會の人たちによつて豪華な花環がさげられた。風を交へた雨に濡れて、一丈ちかい四角な塔にかけられた幕が黒く光りながらはためき、色のくろい數千の捕虜たちはまぢまちな服装をして、泥濘のなかに雨にぬれて立つてゐた。收容所長伊藤中佐の手によつて、しづかに幕はとりはらはれ、金文字の「慰霊碑」の三字と、タガログ語の「無名戦士の靈の冥福を祈る」といふ碑文が讀まれた。

私は來賓のなかに立つてゐるひとりの老人を認めた。それはしかし老人といふ年ではなく、まだ五十七にしかならないのであるが、降りつけて來る雨を頭にうけてすこし雨ごみになり、こころもち眉をしかめて立つてゐる姿は、ひどく年寄りじみてみえたのである。それはカビンビン將軍であつた。よれよれの白の背廣にネクタイを無造作にむすび、ヘルメット帽を雨手に持つてゐたが、ぬかるみのなかを歩いて來たために、赤靴は泥まみれになり、ズボンの下ははしよつてはあ

敵 將 軍

九月十八日に、オオドネル俘虜收容所で、比島兵病死者の供養碑除幕式が行はれた。米比軍の降伏後、バタアンの戦場から、オオドネルへ送られて来た數萬の捕虜のうちの一部は、收容された後に死んだ。それは、バタアンの戦場での事情を考へてみると、避けることのできない運命であつた。炎熱の戦場で、米兵が充分な糧食をとつてゐたにもかかはらず、比島兵はほとんど食ふや食はずであり、疲勞の極に達してゐたやうに、マラリヤやデングの熱を發し、ある者は赤痢に侵されてゐた。戦争がもうすこし長びけば彼らはバタアンの中で倒れてゐたにちがひないし、また、實際、倒れたものも少くなかつたのであつた。さういふことを考へると、米兵の非道に對するはげしい怒りを隠せずには居られないのである。

收容所に来てから死んだ不幸な比島兵のために、收容所の一端に供養碑が建てられた。除幕式は折から降りだした雨のなかで行はれた。日本軍からは、參謀長

東亞共榮圈の規模の大きさを考へさせられるとともに、東洋人としての新しい歴史創造への洋々たる希望をいだかぜられるのである。

（九月十八日）

のだ。滿洲國がよい手本である。

滿洲國の思ひ出ばなしをつづけてゐては、きりのない話である。それはまた別の機會に語りたい。産業の發展は目ざましいし、新しい文化の芽生えも眼をどめしむるものがある。今日の北島において、新北島文化の建設が重要な主題であるやうに、滿洲國においても、新滿洲文化建設の運動が展開されてゐる。

フィリッピンに滿洲國の人は少いやうであるが、私たちはいちやうに東洋人なのだ。皮膚の色も、眼の色も、髪の色も、同じだ。どうしてそんなに、思想がちがふわけがあらうか。ただ、なにかの機會に私たち東洋人の本然の姿が重められねにすぎない。しかし、もはや、大東亞戰爭の勃發は、そのやうなあらゆる歪曲を修正する神聖なる戦ひとして始められた。大東亞共榮圈内においては、フィリッピン人も滿洲人も兄弟である。私はフィリッピンの人たちが、滿洲國に對してもよき理解を持つことを希望する。

昨年と同じ九月十八日に、吹雪に責められながら、一年のちの同じ日には、炎熱にさらされてゐるといふことは、むしろ、私一個の問題をはなれ、私には大

さとした棉の花が咲きみのつてゐるのであつた。滿洲の沃土はなほ廣く、これまで打ち棄てられた荒地は盡るで水の浸透してゆくやうに、開墾地となり、あるところには高粱が、あるところには棉が、また、大豆、米、麥といふやうに農産物が植ゑつけられ、收穫されてゆくのである。このことは、いま、フィリッピンに來た私の眼をして、フィリッピン全土に於ける覺醒地に向けしめる。このやうな豊富な土地がどうして放任されてゐるのであらうか。私には不思議に思はれて仕方がない。二毛作も三毛作もできる土地が、たつた一度で終りになり、しかも、その農耕の方法はきはめて拔げやりである。また、棉を植ゑ、麥を蒔けばいくらでも收穫のあがる土地が、雜草と埃とのほころまみにされ、水牛ののさばり歩くにまかせられてゐる。しかし、それは、これまで、その土地を有効に使ふことを阻止してゐたものがあつたのであらう。米國のもたらした學業主義的な物質文明が、さういふ農耕を輕蔑し、勤勞の精神を無視してゐたにちがひない。滿洲國も昔はさうであつた。しかし、いまや、フィリッピン人自身が健全な精神にたちかへつて、存分に、自分の土のうへに新しいものを作りだしてゆく狀態が生じた

るしい劇場の空氣が、あたらしい滿洲國が必要な發展を遂げつつ、しだいに腰を据ゑて、落ついて來たことを象徵してゐるやうに感じられてならなかつたのである。

私はこのやうな場末の町で感じると同じ感想を、當々たる建設の場面においては、むしろ感じる。多くの鑛山、炭坑は開發され、鐵道は四通八達し、電力は大河を仕切ることによつて、おどろくべき光をつくりだす。大河松花江は堰堤によつて、深さも幅も數十キロにわたる池となり、その落差によつて生ずる電力は、ほとんど四千萬の人口を持つ、廣大なる滿洲國全土にわたつて、熾々たる電燈をとますのである。滿洲は事變後、ぞくぞくと人口を増し、なほ一層増加してゆく傾向がある。樂土へ民衆が流れこんで來るのだ。

軍閥と國賊との興業のために、先頭に勵してゐる廣大な軍城にわたつて、たくましい開墾の事業がはじめられた。私は滿洲を訪れるのは三度目であつたが、行くたびに、つねに私は眼きを新たにした。さいしよ見たときには荒涼たる野原であつたところは、二度目には草が刈りとられて、畑地となり、三度目にはふさふ

私はいたるところの満洲の町々で、安居樂業をしてゐる満洲人の、微笑にあふれた顔を見た。彼らは彼ら自身の生業にいそしみ、軍閥と匪賊との掠取と恐怖とから離れた心からのよろこびを、彼ら一流の親しみのある表現で、私に語つた。私は奉天の裏町で見た影繪芝居の印象がわすれられない。くらい汚ないところであつたが、薄紙張りの舞台がしつらはれ、そのうしろにある明りに照らし出されて、さまざまの形と色とをした人形が、たくみな満洲藝人の手さばきによつて、あたかも生きてゐるやうに動きまはるのであつた。絢爛たる極彩の色、奇抜な象徴的な顔形、超現實的な律動、それに太鼓、拍子木、笛、鉦などの音楽が和す。土間の見物席にはいくつも圓角な卓がおかれ、あつちをすすりながら、多くの満洲人たちは、のびやかな顔に悠長な笑みをたたへて、これを見物してゐるのであつた。興曲は古くから傳はつたものであつたり、また、新しい満洲建設の主題を織りこんだ新曲であつたりした。私の心もこののびやかな暗い劇場内の空気にとけこんだやうな氣持で、全の番組が終つて、満ち足りた顔をした満洲人たちが、どやどやと出てゆくまで、そこを動くことができなかった。私にはこの裏町のせまく

いまや、地球上はいたるところにおいて、戦争が行はれ、世界史は有史以來の變革の時期に到来した。神羅清より始まつた滿洲事變は、支那事變に擴大し、第二次歐洲大戰の勃發と圖廻しつつ、必然の結果として大東亞戦争を將來した。さうして、大東亞戦争勃發以來、東亞における英米の諸要点はことごとく皇軍の手に歸し、一年に滿たふして、私は、北の果て滿洲かい、南方の島フィリッピンにある。このやうな變化のなかに、常に我々日本國民が大いなる片恃をもつて承認し得ることは、我々の祖國日本が國民であるといふことである。あらゆる全職線と、その占領地域にわたつて、精銳無比の皇軍はその足跡をひろげ、たくましい建築の歩武がくりひろげられてゐる。このやうな廣大な地域にわたり、その國民の力を懸々と伸張し、なほ、わが日本は綽々たる餘裕を存してゐるのである。

日本の指導の下に滿洲國が建國されたとき、皇族なる英米はこれを承認しようとはしなかつた。しかるにもかかはらず、今日の滿洲國の隆盛は、いかなる講和をも受けつばず、あらゆる面において發展の一端をたどつてゐるのである。事實をなにもものも否定することはできない。

滿洲國のことなど

今年は滿洲國建國十周年記念の年で、その端緒となつた御旗清事件の起つたのは十一年前の昭和六年九月十八日であつた。あたかも私は昨年の九月十八日、すなはち、滿洲事變十周年記念日には、滿洲國の首都新京にあつた。事變十周年記念祝典は昨々たる滿洲國の發展を祝福するために行はれ、私もそれに招請されて満洲し、一ヶ月にわたつて、新興滿洲國を一巡した。その一年後に、いま、フィリッピンの首都マニラにあつて、同じ記念日を迎へるといふことについては、ひとかたならぬ感慨がある。

去年、滿洲をまはつたときには、冷氣病を裂いて、ベチカの傷を癒れることのできなかつた日もあり、また、吹雪のために豫定を變更しなければならなかつたこともあつた。その同じ日に、私は、いま、常夏のフィリッピンで、シャツ一枚になり、汗をぬぐひながら、この文章を書いてゐる。

た。野上上等兵はあどろいた。野戰編帶所に寝てゐる筈の重傷を負つた戦友がこんな最前線の歩哨線まで出て來たからであつた。歩哨は自分の位置をうごくことはできなかつたが、ふと、豊島上等兵がゐる場所のことに氣づいた。そこは晝間、部隊が援軍の來るまで苦戰したところで、豊島上等兵が負傷をした場所であつた。豊島上等兵は深夜になつてから、野戰編帶所をぬけだし、自分のちきりすてた眼をさがしに來たのであつた。(七月二十二日)

づかひをしてゐるのであつた。

また、彼はもう一つの語をつけ加へた。マバタンの戦圖が終り、日が暮れて、部隊が警戒哨崗についてからであつた。野上上等兵は歩哨に立つてゐた。彼の肩の破片剣は大したこともなかつたので、彼は急に絆創膏をはつたのみで、仔細に ついたのである。あたりは暗く、星あかりが夜窓にきらめいてゐた。南十字星が かく黒々と東嶺につらなつてゐるマリベレス山のうへにそびえてゐた。奇跡に その星が氣になつて、彼はときどき、地上を警戒する暇にその星をあふいでゐた。 ときどき銃聲がしたが、あたりは静かであつた。星の音で草が鳴ると、彼はその 方を注意した。蟲も鳴いてゐた。何時ごろであつたか、ふと、彼は足音のやうな ものを聞いた。しかし、それは何方からではなく、後の方であつた。足音は近づ き、黒い影が草むらのなかにあらはれた。野上上等兵はひくい聲で、誰だ、と應同 した。影は返事をせず、草のなかに伏せやうであつた。あやしいと思つた時 は、針剣を擬し、引鐵に扣をかけて、もう一度、誰だ、といつた。すると、また、 草むらに黒い影が立ちあがり、野上か、といふ聲がした。警備上等兵の聲であつ

傷痕もいたむやうだともいつた。それからと、彼はいつになく、すこし低い聲になつた。私はひとつだけどこにはないことがあるのですよ。それはあいつが熱にうかされて無言をいふときに、ちつと、眼をくれ、眼をくれ、と歌のやうに節をつけていふのです。ふだんは、眼なんてひとつありやなくさんだ、と負け惜しみやいつてゐるのですが、やつぱりほんとうはさうではないのでせう。あいつは両親は健在ですが、女房は待ちません。あととりのひとり息子です。私は五人も兄弟があつて、三人目ですから、いつ死んだつてかまはないと思つてゐましたのに、たくさんんの戦友が死んで、私は助かりました。豊島は、まあ眼ひとつで、幸ひだつたといふべきでせう。しかし、やはり、それは私たちの考へで、本人はさうではないのですわ。それで、私はあいつが熱にうかされて眼のことをいふことなんて、ひとにはいはないのですよ。このことは、また、そんなことをいつて居つたなんて、常の豊島にも知らせないのです。野上上等兵はさういつて、なにかいらしたやうに、ひやみに煙草を輪にふいた。私は彼の顔を見た。あけすけで、いはば一見ががらのやうに思はれた野上上等兵はやはり戦友についてさういふ細かい心

看護兵がやつて来て、豊島上等兵の顔を三角巾でぐるぐる巻きにし、むりやりに擔架で野戰繃帶所に下げた。夕刻すこし前、マバタンの戦陣地は占領された。日が暮れた。

この話を、野上上等兵は私に三度ほど、べつべつのところから話して聞かせた。ほかの話をしてゐる間に、ふとどこかにきつかけができると、そこから話しはじめ、結局、この話をはじめからしむひまで綴りかへすのであつた。彼の話しぶりは、持ち前の腹がれ聲と、その聲が大きいのと、自分で興奮して來るのと、ときどき順序が狂つたりするのとで途中で聞きづらくなることゝたびたびであつた。しかし、その調子のなかには、彼がいつか月の夜に戦友の寢言を暴露したときとまつたく同じひびきがあつた。つまり彼が悪口をいふときにも、ほめるときにも、同じ調子であるといふことは、彼が戦友をいかに愛してゐるかといふことを物語するものであつた。豊島は熱病さへ審つたら内地還郷になる筈だ、とさびしげに彼はつけ加へた。豊島上等兵は右眼の傷痕がほとんどなほつて船までもきまり、この病院に入院したのださうである。傷はなほつたのだが、熱が高くなるとやはり、

野上上等兵は戦友のそばにかけよつた。やがて、豊島上等兵は鮮血にまみれた顔をあげた。彼のまつ赤な目の下に割けた肉がぶら下つてゐた。右の眼珠がとびだしてゐるのであつた。豊島上等兵は、ええ、邪魔くさい、と叫ぶと、その眼を右手でつかんでむしりとつた。それをうらなうと、また、顔の隅の床尾飯を自分の身體のなかに装束すゝやうに、びつたりと右肩にくつつけた。習慣になつてゐるために、右眼で照準しかけた彼は、もう右の眼がないととつさにさると、首を、筆はせやがる、といつて、けたたせしく唇をあげて笑つた。彼はあらためて、左の眼で照準し、引金をひいた。爽快な言とともに弾丸が火をふいて銃口から飛びだしていつた。しかし、まもなく、彼は力つきたやうに、ぐつたりとなつた。野上上等兵は戦友の肩をつかみ、下れ、とごなつた。下るもんか、とまた顔をあげた豊島上等兵は自分で弾薬箱の蓋をあけ、弾丸をこめた。なほも血まみれの手で引金をひく鬼のごとき戦友を見て、野上上等兵は涙を流した。弾丸はまるで戦友の雨の眼窩から飛びだしてゐるやうにみえた。野上上等兵も左肩に浅い砲弾創をうけた。後方との連絡がついて援軍が到着し、戦況は有利になつて来た。

を疑かすほど勇猛であつた兵隊が彈丸の來ない場所でも、そんな情ない態をあげるといふことを、私達はただ面白く思つただけであつた。豊島上等兵を誰でも射殺であるといふことはできないからである。

マパタン西方の丘で、ナチブ歌謡のはげしい戦闘が行はれた。敵軍は三連發の榴彈と小銃彈とを、驟雨をそぐやうに射ちかけて來た。敵は地形にあかるく、そのうへ、味方は小銃であつた。いつたんは鐵條網を突破して敵の軍壕をのりつた兵隊たちも、何十倍とも知れぬ敵の過剰をうけて、苦戦におちいつた。小銃長がたほれ、下士官が小隊の指揮をとつた。つぎつぎに兵隊がたほれた。分隊長が戦死したので、豊島上等兵は分隊の指揮をとつた。野上上等兵はとまりの分隊であつた。兵隊たちの眼は血走り、銃剣をつぶれるほどにぎりしめてゐたが、なほ、その苦境のなかで敵のなかへ突入しようと思つたのである。鐵條網銃手がなげられたので、豊島上等兵がこれにかはつた。ちがつきはらつて彼は横弾をひき、敵陣へ彈丸をとばした。一發の榴彈がすぐよちかになげ裂した。破片が飛んで來た。その一片が豊島上等兵の顔につきささり、かゝい叫びをあげて彼はそこへ倒れた。

くな兵隊は笑つた。

彼はあるとき便箋紙になにか書いたものを持つて来た。それは、豊島上等兵がつくつたといふデング島の歌であつた。

われのみは病ひはせじと思ひしにデング重りて三日四日睡る

節々のいたみ苦しく反轉すわが大兵の體もてあます

苦しさに睡りてあれば隣室に扇風機まはし酒のむ氣配

夜を起きて語らふ人の部屋になしわれはやむなく電燈見をもち

デングさはかなしき病ひ熱なく歸ばらばらに解くる心地す

苦しみて苦しみ振けばなほるてふよき藥なき病をかしき

大聲をばしてみれば熱のやや靜まる心地して大聲發す

これだな、と、私は大聲をの歌をみて笑つた。大聲どころではないですよ、斷末魔の悲鳴ですよと野上上等兵は煙草を輪にしながら笑つた。歌はまだつづいてゐた。豊島は漁師の子ですが、祖父のところがけがよくて中學も三年まで行つてゐるので、なかなか趣味をもつてゐます、と野上上等兵はいつた。戦場では私たち

聞いてみようと思つてゐるど、扉をひいて、ヒリッピン^の尼僧が注射をしに入つて来た。羽をひらけたやうな白い帽子をかぶつた白衣のシスター・フランシスカはいつもすこゝもかはらない静かな微笑をたたへ、つぎとひの看護婦に手つだはせて、私の左腕静脈をさがした。この病院には数人の尼僧が奉仕に来てゐた。平然になつてもしばらくは毎日葡萄酒の注射をするのである。専門家ではないので、尼僧はすこしたたどしい手つきで私の腕に針を差し、つつこんでからなん度も針の先で静脈をさがした。まだ、注射やつてゐるんですかといひながら見てゐた野上上等兵は窓外の廣場に陽が傾きかけてゐることに気がついたやうに、もう、飯ですな、また来ませう、といつても出て行つた。

それから、野上上等兵はよく遊びに来た。さうして、私は彼から僕の戦友のことをよく聞いた。豊島上等兵はブウルで泳いだ夜は三十八度ほどの熱をだしたが、その後はすつと下る一方で、さもなく平熱になるであつたから、さうしたら、私のところへいつしよに行きたいといつてゐるといふことであつた。三十八度ではさすがにあいつも寝してくれなごといひませんでしたよ、と、氣さ

いつ、熱が高いとうるさいですからな、と、煙草のけむりをたくみに袖にふきながら、野上上等兵は笑つた。二人は隣同志の病室であつた。この病院はもとMCAであつたので、庭に立派なプールの設備があつた。患者が平熱になつて、もう大丈夫だといふときにはこのプールの泳がせてみるのださうである。さうして、發熱しないやうであつたら退院させるのだ。二人は今日つれづつて泳いだのだが、豊島上等兵の方はまだほんとうではないらしく、また發熱したといふのである。すぐに、頭に繃帯をした豊島上等兵の姿が私の眼に浮んだ。夜のこととて、彼がどんな顔をしてゐたか、私にはわからなかつた。繃帯をしてゐなかつたら、廊下ですれちがつても、おそろく、私は豊島上等兵をみとめることはできないであらう。これにしても、怪我をした繃帯のまゝ泳ぐといふのは甚だ難きはなしである。私かそれをいふと、野上上等兵は笑つて、あいつは漁師の子ですから、船からうへはごども濡らさないで、どんな荒海でも泳ぐことができるのですよ、といつた。私は昨夜から氣にかかつてゐたことをさしてみた。ああ、あれですか、砲彈の破片で眼をやられたのですよ、と、野上上等兵はこどもなげにいつた。くはしく

であつた。たまたま、その日の午後、煙草の加脂品があつたので、私は彼にそれをやつた。彼はさつと封を切つて一本抜き火をつけて、うまさうに一口吸ふと、もう町ではこの煙草は八十錢もしてゐますよ、といつた。マニラ入港以來、物價はどんどんあがり、さいしよは十錢だつた煙草がわづか數ヶ月の間に、八十錢にもなつたといふことであつた。煙草をのまない私はさういふことには注意を怠り勝ちであつたが、煙草のみにはさういふことは毎日の關心事であつたのであらう。のちには、二十錢のラッキイ・ストライクが二圓五十錢になり、十五錢のカメルが二圓二十錢にもなつたといつて、さすがの私もあどろいた。煙草かたかいので、私たち兵隊の給料は煙草代にも足りませんよ、といひ、私よりはずつと煙草好きの農島はもつと困つてゐます、といつたり。農島家は野上といひ、奥に副帝をまいてゐた彼の姉妹は農島といふ奥でであつた。どちらも〇〇部隊の上等兵であつた。昨夜、部屋にかへつてから、あしたはあななのところの話しにゆかうと二人で約束してのですが、農島の叔、今日、二人で、いるごろブウツで泳いだところがまた熱を出して、寝こんでしまつたんでさよ、いまんとこ、大した熱でもないが、あ

とが自分だけのきはめて特別な経験ではなくして、同病の患者たちには説明も理解も要せずしてすなはち受けられる程度の大體であることを理解して居り、かつ、そのうへに、然にうかされたとはいへ、思ひもかけぬことを口走つたりしたことを、まづたく自分でもをかしく思つてゐる様子に見うけられた。彼の大して屈托もなさうなひくい笑ひ聲のなかに、私はさういふことを感じた。同時に、私はその患者が鉢巻をしたやうに頭に繻帶をまいてゐるのを知つた。戦傷患者はすべて本院の方に入院し、この分室の方は戦病ばかりであつたので、彼はデングでここに入院中、なにかで怪我でもしたのであらうと私は考へた。べつだん、そのときは深く氣にもとめなかつた。ただその繻帶がどうも右の眼のうへを覆ひかくしてゐるやうに見えたので自分の病室にかへつて來ても、そのことがすこし氣がかりになつて、なにか、いつまでも、月光のなかで見た白い繻帶が眼さきにもちまつてゐた。

つぎの日の夕方、私の病室に、前夜の歸家かたづねて來た。彼の病棟はここから二町くらゐ離れてゐた。私たちの病棟が病院の南端で、彼の方が北端なのである。彼は部隊本部から奥園にもらつたといふメロンを半分持つて來てくれたの

いので芝生にゐた患者たちも話しをやめて、こっちを見、話し手の口調が真にせまるくだりになると、みんな聲を立てて笑つた。なかには拍手する者もあつた。話し手は難業が増えたので、ますます得意で、同じことをなん度もくりかへした。すこしくごいので、私は、もうわかりましたよ、ごいつた。それで彼もやめた。しかし彼はべつだん友人を嘲笑してゐたわけではなく、さういふ話といふものは、すべて痼疾である周囲の患者たちに、かならず共感されるにちがひないといふことを確信して、自分の経験を誇張したにすぎなかつたかも知れないけれど、その訥にされてゐる當の患者のことを思ふと、私はなにか腹立たしくなつて来るのをおさへることができなかつたのだ。私は辯士が得意になつて聲色をつかつてゐる間中、彼のむかふにあふむけになつてゐる大男の患者の方を注意した。夜でよくわからないが、その患者はあたまをかかへるやうに兩手の指を頭のうへで組みあはせて、寝ころんでゐたが、友人の話の調子につれて、自分も笑つてゐるやうであつた。彼は友人が自分の發聲中のあまり自慢にならないでさうことを公表してゐるのをきいても、友人の善意をあくまで信じて居り、またそのやうなこ

デングといふのは化けもの熱ですな、大勢の熱かも知れませんが、私は中支兩支に三年もゐて、相當無理をしたのにいらざる病氣などしたことがなく、身體に相當自信をもつてゐたのだが、こつちに來たら、とうとうやられました、と、その患者はいった。自分もその通りだ、と私はいった。

竊ころんでゐたときにはひどく若い英隊だと思つたが、非難をばつてこちらを向くと、がつちりとした薄着で、頬幅のひろさと、額骨のでてゐる風貌とか奇妙な落ちつきを示してゐることが、夜目にも月光のなかに映められた。それでゐて、陽氣な性質とみえて、たえまなく身體をうごかし、なにか喉舌つてゐた。ときにはうるさくなるほどである。私は彼がさつき大笑したわけがわかつた。はじめは氣づかなかつたが、彼のとなりにもうひとり患者が横になつてゐた。その患者は彼は嘲笑したのであつた。圍いてみると、その向ふがはの患者が熱帯してゐるとき、彼なかにゐると、あつとももう彼はだめだ、ああ、たえらん、殺してくれ、といつたといふのである。それを、まつくり、友人の聲色をつかつて表現してみせた。こいつ、こんな大きな團體しやがつて、と彼はつけ加へた。彼の聲がたか

るやうに同じ熱病にかかると、また、患者たらはすぐに親しみを感じて、近しくなるのである。芝生のうへでは、たいてい、熱の出たときの苦痛のはなしから話じまり、つぎに、部隊名をきき、名前をきき、出身地をきき、話しあつてゐる未知の患者同志が、しだいに親近になつてゆくのが、毎夜のきまつた行事のやうに繰あられた。ある夜、さういふ風にして、私も友人ができたのである。

芝生のうへで、うつらうつらと眠りかけてゐた私は、ふいに耳のそばでけたたましい笑ひ聲が起つたので眼がさめた。さつきまではゐなかつた患者が私のすぐ側もとにあて、腕を首のしたにかつて寝ころんだまゝ、大笑したのであつた。月光のなかに、白森が大埋石のやうに浮きでてゐた。なんで笑つたのかわからないやゐるうちに、その患者は私の眼をさました氣配に氣づくど、あなたもデングですか、と話しかけて来た。まだ若い兵隊のやうであつた。この氣さくな兵隊に、私も氣がらくになつて、自分はデングかマラリヤか三日熱かわからないが、四十二度の熱が三日もつづいたといふ話をすると、ホリやデングですよ、と、彼は醫學博士のやうに自信ある口調で説明をくだして、わつくりと起さあがつた。いや、

身體を向けてゐても、その苦痛は減ることがない。米糞の水をとりかへようと思つても、膝の繻帶がはつれたやうにがくがくして、歩くこともできない。火の場になつたやうに身體はあつく、口のなかは乾いて來て一片の唾もなくなる。食慾はまつたなくなり、一連間も、ほとんど、なにも食べない。注射をしても、藥をのんでも、一定の減熱期が來るまでは、熱は引かないのである。そのくせ、頭は妙に冴えて來て、深夜をすぎ、夜明けちかくなつても、一睡もできないと、いままで考へたこともないやうなことが、つきからつきに頭のなかを去來する。他の病室から、苦痛に堪えかねた呻き聲が聞えて來る。彈丸と砲彈との下で勇敢であつた兵隊たちも熱にはかなはないのである。

熱が下ると、こんどはあべこべに喉のやうに元氣になり、熱にうかされて囁言などいつたことがをかしくなるのである。芝生に出て來るのはそんな連中で、お前、あのときいつたこと覚えてゐるか、とか、きさま、女みたい泣いてつたぞ、とか、話しあつては笑ふ聲が、あちらこちらでしてゐるのであつた。同病相憐れむといふ言葉があるが、彈丸の下をくぐると兵隊たちはかたい戦友愛に結ばれ

を網にのせたやうにも見えた。ときに、月は赤い色をし、黄いろい色をしてゐた。大きな月はしだいに中天にあがるにしたがつて、すばるやうに小さくなつた。

すこし熱が下ると、私は毎晩、この芝生に出て寝ころんで月を見た。草のつめたい感触と、香ひとに、私は長い時間、そこをはなれることができなかった。その草のうへで、私はまた新しい友人ができた。病室には蚊帳があつたが原つ場にはなかつたので、私はまたそこで蚊に食はれた。もともと、ここに來てゐる患者たちは、ほとんど、パタアンの戦場で蚊に食はれたために無病にかかつた兵隊ばかりで、私ももとよりさうであつた。マニラに長くゐるひとの話をきくと、たいていの人々が、自分は十年もここにゐるが、デング熱とかマラリヤ熱とかいふものは聞いたことがないといふ。してみると、デングやマラリヤの菌を持つた蚊はマニラにはゐなくて、すべてパタアン半島にゐたのであらう。マニラの蚊は食はれても安心してゐてよいらしい。この風土病であるこのやうな熱帯熱ほごいやな病氣はない。私は四十二度の熱が三日もつづき、日夜反轉して、まづたく眠ることができなかった。身體の節々がばらばらに解けてしまふやうにいたく、ごんな風に

眼 (小説)

庭といふほどのものではないが、蒔種のあふだにちよつとした廣場があつて、ひろく枝を張つたマンゴの木が五、六本ある。地面にはいちめんに青草が芝生のやうに敷きつめてあるのだ、散策と休息とには好適であつた。晝は灼けつく陽の光りで、マンゴの葉にわたした網にかけて平してある黒者たちの白衣を輝やハシカチなども、まぶしいほど白く眼を刺るが、夜は夕方から急に冷氣がきざし、いつの間にか、その庭は白い衣の兵隊たちで満ちられるのであつた。ことに、私が入院したときは、月の大きいころであつた。月はのぼるときにかくに對象がある、とんでもなく大きく見えるものだが、ちやうど、私たちを窺つてゐる芝生の場所から見ると、月は私たちの顔と一本のマンゴの木との間からあがつて来た。網外にある阿の屋根から覗いた月は、蒔種の樹と屋根とマンゴの木とのなかにいつばいにひろがり、鏡々ときらめきながら、ぐんぐんのしあがつて来た。その月はまた、蒔種の網目の網の向ふにあるので、ちやうど見る側

美しい太陽が描かれた。

描く筆も、インクも、紙もないほど、

偉大なる今日の時代。

その忍苦と、犠牲とによつて、

祖國日本は生長した。

かすかすの太いなる物語が、作者の手に負へないほど、創造された。

うつくしき日本語は、

海をわたるも山を履きた。

蘆清は世界最新のメツカとなつた。

七・七といふ言葉は、ここにカつ生まれ。

地球のうへでももつとも美しい言葉となつたのである。

歴史に、今日では、批判されるのではなく、

盲目の教習を感さるのである。

その昔、地球は、地震と、海溝と、暴風雨と、火山とをもつて、

變装を行うた。

いま、人間は、意志をもつて、それを行ひつつあるのだ。

海拔萬尺の山上に、魚類を養見するなごとまことしやかにいふは、

すでに、凡庸の説である。

深夜、しづかに眼を醒めれば、

轟々たる世界變装の物音が、耳をつんざく。

英吉利と亞米利加といふ國があつた。

赤と青との安手の組みあはせによつて、旗がつくられた。

その染料は割け落ちて、白旗となつた。

白地のうへに、眞紅の血液をもつて、

美しき設計

(五回目の七・七紀念日をむかへて)

足と、意志とをもつて、

兵隊は、無限に、地圖を描きひろげた。

もはや、あらゆる、海も、山も、空も、われらのものである。

遼瀋のころみなぎる潜航艇は、

珊瑚の花のなかに休憩して

阿呆のごとき頭と鎧とを持つ熱帯魚を映ろかす。

うつくしき日本語は

海をわたり、山を越えた。

敵をも知れぬ東洋の街々と、数億の屠とのおうへに、

言葉は、花粉のごとく、散りしいた。

秩序といふ大方計も達成出来る時期が来るに違ひない。

マニラの街は東洋か西洋か判らない印象を興へる。これは東洋の民族に加へられた一つの偏見である。またそれはフィリッピン人の性格にもよるところであらうが、われわれは共通の民族としての精神をもつて早くわれわれ自身のものを回復し、新しい設計を仕直させねばならない。われわれの祖國はその雄渾な氣魄をもつて東亞の室からわれわれの太陽を奪還したのである。新しい太陽のもとに、新しい文化が起らなくてはならぬ。それは一にわれわれ日本人の誠實なる魂まね努力によつて建設されて行くのである。(マニラにて五月十三日)

却つてさういふ時にはフィリッピン兵の優越を認めてゐるやうにさへ見えた。それは彼等が無意識の中に、日本軍とフィリッピン兵とは同じ東洋民族であるといふことを、自覺してゐたのかも知れない。前線での犠牲者に對して米兵達はこれを埋葬して墓標を立てたが、フィリッピン兵のためには十字架を立てなかつた。フィリッピン兵は自分の身體を墓標として、バタアンの土の中に埋れてしまつたのだ。米兵だけの野戰病院が設けられ、フィリッピン兵はそこへ搬送されることは出来なかつた。米比軍はさういふ軍隊であつたのだ。

フィリッピン兵の捕虜は米兵の捕虜を恨めしげに睨んだ。フィリッピン兵は多く犠牲して獲せ細り、米兵は血色がよかつた。捕虜收容所にあつてもフィリッピン兵は疲勞困憊のはてに、日に數名宛仆れて行つたが、米兵は倒れることもなかつた。米國が如何に四十年の統治を行は、フィリッピン人が如何に深く影響されてゐたかはいへ、地質的なものによつて行はれた統御は、その時すでに遂には體反すべき運命を擔つてゐたのである。日本とフィリッピンとの協力は、飽くまでも精神的なものたらねばならず、其道を民族の許持をもつて進行ならば、早晩東亞新

やうな民族精神の昂まりつつある時代には容易に除去し得るのである。また彼等が米人としての微塵をもつて東洋民族を蔑視しようとした侮辱は、このやうな時代には一層民族としての誇りを昂揚することによつてその反動が強く現れるのである。米比軍が日軍に數倍する兵力と武器を擁しながら、最後まで奮ふことの出来なかつた根本的な原因は、こゝ民族の心の底にある根本的なものの衝突であつたかも知れないのである。

私は美熱の街頭で興味の深い光景に接した。多くの米比兵の投降者が列をなしてやつて来たが、水道の傍らに來ると水を飲むために彼等はそれぞれ水筒をぶら下げて一刻に並んだ。その列にはフイリツビン兵とアメリカ兵がまじつてゐたが、その内のアメリカ兵の誰もがフイリツビン兵を優遇しにしようとはしなかつた。まだ彼等が投降しない前は米比軍の中ではすべてアメリカ兵が何でも優先權を握り、フイリツビン兵は酷使されて後進にされてゐたのだ。ところが今敗北の軍隊となると共に、彼等は平等になつた。米兵の中には將校もゐたが自分の前にゐる兵卒のフイリツビン兵へのけようともせず、おどなく順言を待つてゐた。否、

殊に經濟（主として消費面）、教育、道路等米國の統治になつて以來フィリッピンを受けた恩恵は少くないのだ。米國文化の俗惡のみを感ずるのはわれわれの觀點なので、フィリッピン人の米國に對する感情はまた別のものだ。四十年間米國の恩澤を受け、今日米軍に負けなからといつてすぐに米國を憎惡しはじめるといふのであつては輕佻浮薄の誇りを免れないであらう。戰後建設の困難さはさういふところにもあるのである。

東洋人の東洋といひ、東亞新秩序建設といつても、現實から遊離しては成り立つものではない。比島人が眞に日本に對して親しみを持ち心服するやうになるのは、今後の日本人の努力に俟たなければならないのだ。今米軍を倒したばかりで比島人が日本の良さを悟る筈もないし、また眞意を理解するものでもない。然しながらわれわれが互ひ東洋人種であるといふ共通の運命は如何にしても拭ひ去ることの出来ないわれわれの強味であつて、その意味でわれわれの努力によつて國民の心からの融和と協力とが可能であることは確信されるのである。殊に米國が物質文明の壓力のみをもつて他民族を制御しようとした根本的な錯誤はこの

國が四十年間にフィリッピン人に植ゑつけた米の觀念は相當根深いもので、これは思慮にならないのである。

投降して来たフィリッピン兵も数回まで米本土から大部隊の援軍が来ると思ひ切つてゐた。すでに蘭印、スマトラ、シンガポールと周圍の地域が悉く日本軍によつて占領されてゐるので何處から援軍の来ようはずはないことは明瞭であるにも拘らず、矢張りいつか援軍が来て日本軍をやつつけると信じてゐたのだ。それだけ米國の方に對して信頼を持ち、日本といふものを全く知らなかつたのである。親日家といはれるフィリッピン人では日本の飛行機が飛んで来るぞドイツ人が操縦してゐると思つてゐた位である。フィリッピン人の中には日本には電車があるかどうか、汽車があるかどうか聞く者が少くないので、日本軍がやつて来て米國軍をやつつけたが、フィリッピン人は矢張り心の中では日本軍に親しみを持つてゐない。畢竟面だけで協力する振りをしてゐるといつて憤慨する者がある。それは憤慨する方が誤りである、少くとも四十年間、米國はいろいろな方面でフィリッピン人に影響を與へて來てゐるからだ。

ここに來た。米國人で大佐や中佐などもゐた。その大佐が日本語を教へてくれといふ。何を聞くかと思ふと「水を下さい、御飯を下さい」といふ日本語を習つてゐきたいといふのであつた。そのしやあしやあしたの様子を見て睡をかけてやりたい氣がした。をかしかつたのは米國兵とフィリッピン兵との關係で、米比軍は別より米兵がこれを指導し、幹部は大部分は米國教官であつたらしいが、一樣に授課して捕虜になつて見ると被害はまるで他人同士である。すでに第一線はフィリッピン兵ばかりだつたし、米國兵は後方にばかりゐて饑んに督戦してゐた。また糧秣などの補充が十分でなく、フィリッピン兵は殆ど食ふや食はずでゐるのは米國兵は十分食料をとつてゐたし、輪料なども同階級にゐて米國兵とフィリッピン兵では格段の差があつてフィリッピン兵の間では相當の不満があつたらしいが、それは内部的なもので計画的な叛亂の起るといふやうなことはなかつた。總攻撃の前に投降して來たフィリッピン兵に私は「そんなにみんなが不服で投降したいといふならば、早して上官をやつつけ、投降して來たらよさうなものではないか」と聞いて見たが、投降兵は口を揃へてそれはなかなか困難であるといつた。重と角米

精銳な兵隊を擁してゐながら、何故戦はうとしないのか。それは日本の兵隊である私には如何にしても理解出来にくいことであつた。米比軍にとつては戦争も一種のスポーツであるが如くに思はれる。やれるだけやつて勝負がつけばけろりとしてゐる。またこれは生命といふものを賭けてゐるだけに許すことの出来ない思ひになることもある。彼らには死を以て死に對するといふ眞摯な氣持はなく、常に自分の生命の方だけは安全であることを考へてゐる。

われわれの部隊が突撃すると彼等は最後まで機關銃を射ち、眼前に來たわれわれの兵隊を支へて置いてから手を舉げて捕虜になる。終りまで抵抗すれば命も危いので投降しなへすれば命は安全だといふ虫のよい考へ方である。彼等は兵隊としての矜持は勿論、民族としての誇り等は全く持つてゐないのだ。捕虜になつた彼等のうちでいふことはいつ捕虜釋放になるかといふことである。町使等でも捕虜になると存氣なもので冗談をたいたり、お世辭をいつたり、にこにこ笑つたりしてゐる。

マリベレスの街に入つた時には十五、六名の敵路技師が私達の宿營してゐると

民族精神の勝利

四〇

バタアン半島總攻撃は四月三日に始められて十日を滿たぬ日數をもつて終つたが、私達がこの作戰で驚いたのは、われわれの敵であつた米比軍といふ軍隊の性格であつた。私達が比島に渡る時には、物の本に比島軍六千、米軍若干で問題にならぬと書いてあつたが、それが急速に増強され、殊に大東亞戰爭以後はあらゆる手段をもつて青年の軍隊への徵集が行はれたものと思はれる。學生等は大半徵集されて軍隊に加はつてゐた。米比軍の捕虜だけでも七萬に近く、戦死傷者は一萬位であらうといはれ、また何千といふ病兵もあつたのだ。コレヒドール島を加へれば十萬に近い軍隊がバタアン半島の中にゐたものと思はれる。

サマツトの陣地を突破して數を半島の南端に壓迫して行くに従つて私は次第に異様な感じを受けながらも、しまひには一種の腹立たしさをすら感じてゐた。それはこんなに多くの兵隊はゐないであらうと思つてゐたのに、後から後から數知れぬ敵の技師兵がわきあふれて來たからだ。こんなに多くの敵兵がゐて、しかも

兵、比兵、難民が群れてゐるのだ。また、リール河畔の森のなかには、米正規兵のみを収容する廣大な野戦病院があつて、そこには數千の負傷兵と病人とがゐる。そんなことは、しかし、コレヒドールは一切おかしなしとみえる。コレヒドールからの砲弾は、マニラ灣の北水道を越えて、米兵たちのうへに落下する。野戦病院に来て、コレヒドールのためにたかかつて傷いた負傷兵を、醫台とともに木つ葉微塵にはねとばすのである。

パタアン半島の攻略は終つた。コレヒドールの餘命もいくばくもないであらう。これを書いてゐるときも、コレヒドール島から射つて來る氣ちがひじみた砲弾が、すぐ近くの森に落下して、轟然たる音をたてて炸裂するのが、地ひびきとともに傳はつて來るのである。

(四月十六日。リール河畔にて)

の食糧と愛情とを彼らにあたへて去るほかはないのである。

マリペレスはバタアン半島南端の港である。海岸は椰子の林に掩はれ、ニツバの家がならび、教會を建して、まつたく風土と化してゐる。ヒリツビンの町には、どこでもかならず建てられてゐるホセ・リサールの像が、徳野原のなかにぽつんと、所在なげに立つてゐる。

波うち然に立つと、海上に鯨のやうにコレヒドール島が横はつてゐる。總攻撃を三日に開始して以來、十一日に全くバタアン半島の占領は成つた。

しかし、コレヒドール島だけは、まだ、もうすこし頑快るといふのである。爆弾と榴弾とがコレヒドール島に集中する。コレヒドール要塞から發射する高射砲弾が、すみきつた青空をたばつぽつと純白な綿の花をひらく。飛行隊の人の話をきくと、この要塞の防空網は、ちようど、如露をさかさまにしたやうに、熾烈をきかめるといふ。

コレヒドール島からも榴弾を飛ばして来る。コレヒドールはいまや狂氣の島のごとく思はれる。マリペレスの町はもちろん、バタアン半島の各所には、多くの米

日本の兵隊はかういふ難民を見ると、自分が今日から食へるものがなくなることも忘れて、持つてゐる限りの食糧をやつてしまふ。携帯口糧を少しづつ、難民に分配される。難民はじめは氣恥しうに、それから、がつがつとその僅かな食糧をかじる。雑草を分けてやる。水筒の水をやる。兵隊たちはすつからかんになる。兵隊は子供たちの頭をなでてやる。かういふときには、彼らは故郷のことを思ひだしてゐるにちがひない。

難民はヒリツビンのいたるところから、このパタアン半島に運びこまれて來たのだ。マニラの者も多く、バランガ、サマル、サン・フェルナンドの者もある。タラツタ、ダモルナスなど、北部ルソンからはるばる來た者もある。かれらは早く自分たちの町へかへりたいと願つてゐるが、おそらく、戦火のために廢墟となつたこれらの町々には、かれらのかへる家はないであらう。戦火のおさまるところから、新しいヒリツビンの更生と建設とがなされてゆくのであるが、このやうな難民にあたかな救恤の道を講ずることが、大いなる使命を持つた日本のなによりのお務めであらう。私たちは、今はこの戦場で、われわれの持つてゐるかぎり

陸續とつづいた。難民たちの多くはもはや歩くのがやつとである。歩けなくなつて道傍にたはれてゐる者も少くない。老人や女子供は見るもむごんなほど、瘦せ細り、聲を出すのにも骨が折れるくらゐだ。食糧もつき、一週間もなにも食べずにゐた者も珍らしくない。そのうち、多くの者がマラリヤやデング熱にかかり、山中でたはれた。赤ん坊はまつ青な皮膚をして母親に抱かれてゐるが、それは生きてゐるのか死んでゐるのかもわからない。母親はもとより乳が出ないのだ。袋でこしらへた急造の擔架に、横たへられたまま、近親者に膝で胸を口の中にたらしこんで貰つてゐる老人や老婆もある。多くの者は、がらす氣や瀉瀉のあきかんのなかに、谷川の水を飲んで來て入れ、それを大事さうにちびちびとのんでゐる。かれらのなかから、交替に、力のない子供のなき聲がきこえる。かれらはどういふつもりなのか、いろいろな白い布で、白旗の様なものを作つて持つてゐる。軍隊以外の者は要らないのだといふと、はじめて引つこめた。あるところには數百人、あるところには數千人の、かういふ難民たちが、ぼんやりとかなまつて、不安さうな目つきをし、大きな聲で話もせずにもたしてゐた。

の脅威を蒙つた國家の下水庫からながれ落ちて來る汚水を見てゐるやうな感じを吐いた。このやうなときほど、日本の兵隊が美しく、且つ、日本人たることを誇らかに感ずることはない。兵隊は笑ひながら、こんな小さい兵隊にどうして負けたかと、アメリカの奴、いつとるぢやうなと笑ふ。その調子は微笑ましい。

また、米軍が不思議な軍隊であることかいつそう明らかになつて來た。かれらは最高指揮官の命によつて動くのではなく、中間の團長が勝手に投降をするのである。バタアン半島の東地區、西地區といふやうに、おのおのばらばらに、投降のための白旗がつくられた。東地區の將軍は西地區のことを知らず、西地區の指揮官は東地區のことには圖知せず、またバタアン全島の軍隊は、コレヒドール島のことを圖知しない。まづまづに、各所にあらはれた軍使との會見が行はれたが、我が軍はなほも追撃前進を續行した。

このときに、われわれの心を挫いたのは、あはれた難民である。戦火に追はれや無數の避難民が、バタアン半島の山中に逃げこんだ。バタアンの戦火がおこまると、これらの難民が、ぞくぞくと出て來て、各所に屯した。投降兵と難民とが

勢に腹立たしい思ひにかられて來た。これだけの軍隊がゐながら、なせ戦はちとしないのか。米兵はいづれも背が高く、兩丈なからだつきをしてゐる。目にやけてトマトのやうに眞赤な顔になり、たくましい鼻面にきよろきよろした眼つきをしてゐる。毛むくぢやらの太い腕節に、こまごまの刺青をほどこしてゐる兵隊もある。それらの兵隊が、銃をすて、鐵帽をななめにかぶり、ズツクの背囊だけを大事さうにかかへ、力のない足どり下ぞろぞろと出て來るのだ。

日本の兵隊が一人で二百も三百もの米兵をあづかる。中には一人で五百名もの米兵を引率してゆく。日本の兵隊は米兵の肩までしかない。おまけに軍服はよごれてぼろぼろになつてゐる。その日本の兵隊の指揮をうけて、米兵は卑屈さうに愛憎などをふりまきながら、ぼくぼくと途の道をゆく。あるところでは、多くの米兵が膝をいだいて、哭天のなかに屯してゐる。私はこの眺めを見て、いまさらのやうに日本の兵隊の立場さが考へられた。さつきもいつたやうに、これが書つては無法なる侮辱をわれわれの面前に加へようとした傲慢な國の國民なのだ。私はおびおびだしい侵略兵の群をながめて、不純な心たちによつて國を形成し、民族

あまりに静かなのに、不審の念をいだきながら歩いてゐると、マンゴの木の下に圍ををつくつた、數自名の敵兵のゐるところに出くわした。マンゴの木に急造の大きな白旗が立てかけてあつた。投降兵である。半分は米兵で、半分は比兵であつたが、遂によごれ、慍慍して瘦つた米兵の何人かは力つきたやうに、ぐつたりと横たはつてゐた。頭を負傷して擔架にのせれたままの米兵もある。日本の兵隊の手を握つて、戦争はおしまひだ、我々はうれしいといつてゐる佐官級らしい將校がゐた。

そのときから、投降兵の群は、いたるところから、われわれの前にあらはれて来た。山の奥から、林のかげから、竹林の道から、ぞくぞくと、急造の白旗をかかげながらやつて来た。米兵が来る。比兵が来る。どこにこれだけの兵がゐたのかと思はれるほど出て来る。わいて来るといふ感じだ。實をいふと、私はこの半島には、こんなにも多くの米兵はゐないのかと思つてゐた。サマットの前線であまり見かけなかつたので、そんな氣がしたのかも知れない。米兵はほとんど後方にゐたのであう。私はしきには、ふしぎな感じがしはじめるとともに、

するやうに、それを青い長の前でむしやむしやと平らげた。比兵は煙草に欠乏してゐるが、米兵は充分に持つてゐた。それを比兵に買るときには、十五銭の煙草を一圓二十銭もで賣つた。

米比軍といふのは水と油とを一緒にしたやうなうなぐな軍隊であつたことが、日とともに明らかになつて來た。日本軍の中に比島兵が加はり、變つた敵軍の撃滅を目ざして、パタアン半島を南下してゆく。まるで、日比聯合軍ぢやな、などと兵隊は笑ひながら行く。

九日の晝ちかくなるに、あたりが奇妙に靜かになつて來た。それまでは前線の間とあるところで、中央も右も左も、ばげしい銃砲聲がきこえ、私たちの上を砲彈や流弾が過ぎてゐたのである。午後一時ごろ、坂道をのぼりつめたところで、私達は立ちどまつた。前方の森林の間から、マニラ灣の青い海と、コレヒドール島とが望まれたのである。コレヒドール島は、すぐそこにあるやうに大きく見えた。この附近には、それまで見あたらなかつた椰子の樹が多く、海岸に近いところかわかり、コレヒドール島はカボックの梢の間に扁平な島の姿を儼然と横たへてゐた。

ところに爆彈孔がある。友軍の飛行機は毎日、戦場のうへを飛び、しだいに掃射する敵陣へ爆彈を落してゆく。

敵の戦線は、しだいに混亂に陥つて来た。ますます勇氣にあふれて、雪崩れてゆく日本軍の前に、敵軍は潰散した堤防のやうにくづれた。

われわれの軍軍はしだいに奇妙な様相を呈しはじめた。途中の戦線で投降した比島兵がわれわれの隊列の中に入つてゐる。米比軍における米兵と比兵との間にはどかかしいものはない。米兵と比兵とはまるで卒の他人のやうで、一つの軍隊として考へることが、ほとんどできないやうに思はれる。比兵はどくどくと投降して来て、われわれの隊列に加はり、米兵を罵倒し、荷物をかつがせてくれなぞと協力を申し出た。ある場所では、比兵が十數人で、米人の督戦隊長を縛し、頭をこづいたり、肩をつついたりしてつれて来た。この男が無理矢理に自分たちを最前線へ追ひやつたのだといひ、憤懣にたえぬ様子である。それは大兵肥満の大尉であつたが、饋詰の携帶口糧を持つてゐた。比島兵はそれととりあげ、こんなものは米兵だけで食べて、自分たちにはなんにもくれなかつたといつて、仇討でも

戦場になにも新しいものはありはしない。根本的なものはただひとつである。これは國が歴史をもつて以來、日本民族の骨格のなかに、一筋の美しい河のごとくながれて來た一つの精神にほかならぬ。

兵隊と馬と車とが、灰神樂の道をとめごもない奔流のやうにあふれてゆく。山はごよめくやうに、とちごも全山をゆるがして、地震かおこる。

西海岸はモロシ、バガツケ、中央はサマツト山、マリベレス山、リマイ山、東海岸はバランガ、オリオン山、リマイと、東西に貫く全線にしだいにバタアン半島の南端に向つて壓縮されていつた。オリオン山の後方には、もつとも順順に活躍した數個の陣地があつた。ジャングルの中につくつた砲兵陣地は、飛行艇の偵察では、なかなかわからなかつた。追撃前進の途中、われわれは、ジャングルの中や、道傍のいたるところに、うちすてられてゐる大砲を見た。強力な車輛に碎んで、移動しながら、砲撃してゐる形跡もある。

われわれの陣地に無数の砲彈を飛ばして來、さうして、水牛のために居心地のよい孔をつくつた。十數門の大砲が、腹をみせてひつくりかへつてゐる。いたる

血のふき出る咽喉の傷口を、左手でふさいで前進をおこした。しだいに弱まつてゆく力のために、なんどもたはれた。三村上等兵はたはれたまゝ最後の勇をふるひ起して、突撃喇叭をふいた。その調子は亂れ、弱く低く、彈凡の音のなかを續つてひびいた。三回目の突撃を決行してゐた兵隊たちの耳に、この激痛した突撃喇叭の音は、あらたな勇氣を附與した。三村上等兵は力をふるひおこしふるひおこし、戦友におくれまいと、台上へ這つて行つた。しかし、もはや力はつき、彼は自らの最後を知つた。彼は形をあらためて坐りなほし、君が代を吹奏したのである。

このやうにして、リマイ北方高地の敵陣は突破された。

ふたたび、山岳の追撃前進がはじまる。昨日はたたかひ、今日は多き、明日はたたかふのが兵隊の運命である。さうして、祖國のために死ぬときめてゐる兵隊の立派さが、昨日も今日も明日も、歴史の頁の上に、書きのこされてゆくのである。崇嶺はまりなき行進といふほかはない。私ははじめに、この戦場が支部の戦場とかはつてゐることをいつたが、それはただ外形が異つてゐるにすぎない。

ばり、銃剣をつぶれんばかりに握りしめて、三回目の突撃を行つた。たはれた戦友が足の下から、たのむぞと叫んだ。わああと咽喉の奥からしぼり出るやうな決死の喊聲をあげて、敵陣に躍りこんだ。敵はその凄壯な氣魄にのまれて退却をはじめた。ジャングルの台上で白兵戦が展開された。敵兵がはたばたと墜れる。壕の中に入つてマキシム機銃を射つてゐる米兵のところへ、銃剣をひらめかして兵隊は突入した。

ジャングルの台上で悲壯な高聲が叫ばれた。誰も涙をためてゐた。

このとき、いづれからともなく、かすかな君が代の吹奏がきこえて來た。負傷しながらも、抜刀して敵陣地に躍りこんだ橋上中隊長はふりかへつた。すこしはなれたマンゴの木の下で、中隊の喇叭手が血みどろになつて息を絶え絶えになりながら、喇叭を口にあててゐるのであつた。三村役松といふ上等兵である。中隊長がかけつけた時には、すでにことごとく、喇叭をにぎつたまま死んでゐた。

三村喇叭手は突撃の直前に咽喉を貫通された。一度はたはれたが、自分の任務に思ひすると、このおどろくべき兵隊は渾身の勇氣をふるひおこして立ちあがり、

七日の早朝、山田部隊はこれに遭遇した。あたかも霧がふかく、その上、敵陣地の方向が右側にあつたために、昇つて来た太陽の光が霧を通して真正面からさしかけ、前方は全く見えない。そのなかからはげしい機関銃弾が飛んで来た。尖兵部隊が前方に出てゐるのと、連絡が切れてしまつた。ジャングルのなかに、道路を通るほかはないのだが、道路は敵が照準してゐるので、弾丸の標的になりに出るやうなものである。傳令を出すと、出すはしからやられる。敵はジャングルと斜面とを利用して、過剰な射撃をして来る。傳令が霧の中にとびこんで行くが、弾丸にあたつて斜面をころがつて落ちる。なん回かの後、やつと連絡がついた。突撃が決定された。兵隊は戦雲をあげて敵陣地に突入したが、地形の複雑さと敵のはげしい射撃とに妨げられて成功しなかつた。二回目の突撃が行はれた。これも失敗に終つた。そのたびに兵隊はたはれる。指揮してゐる將校は一人ものこらず倒つた。中隊に命令を下すものは中尉から准尉になり、曹長になつた。分隊長はたはれ、上等兵が戦友の屍をこめて、指揮をした。

ここでこの陣地を奪取しなければ、攻撃の據點が失はれる。兵隊は首をくひし

となる。この山道を歩兵部隊とともに、戦術に參加すべき山砲、野砲などがひごい苦勞をしながら這つてゆく。山道に來ると、まゝさまゝと歩隊は掛け鞭をかけて引きあげゐる。前鋒部隊はなかなか出及することかできない。前鋒部隊は總攻撃のときに持つて出た攜帶目標がなくなると、あとは水をのみでゐるばかりだ。この戦線でなだまりがなかつたことは、溪谷のいたるところに清流のおつたことである。

灰の道をあるいてゐると、黄褐色の影のやうになる。眼も鼻も耳も口も埃でみたされ、唾をはくと、黄色い唾が出る。兵隊はつぎの谷川を待つ心でいつばいだ。ごこの谷川も底のみまらぐらゐり、水もきり、水やかな音をたててながれてゐる。水を飲む。水筒にいつばい詰めて、行軍をつづける。炎熱のために、十分前に入れた水は水筒の中であつた湯になつてしまふ。兵隊の皮膚は赤銅のやうによろろだ。夕暮れになると、色の黒い兵隊はごこにゐるかわからなくなる。三日も四日もなにも食べないで、部隊は進撃をつづけ、戦術をくりかへす。

リマイ北方の高地に隊は堅固な陣地を築いてゐた。これには米正規兵がゐた。

第二章 追撃

道のないところを直撃してゆくために、部隊はたいへんな苦勞をしたわけであるが、これに協力したタカサゴ隊のことを忘れてはなるまい。通行はもちろぬ、見通しもしかねジャングルに道路を作るために、台湾から數百名のタカサゴ隊が送られて来た。彼等は一見するところ、小柄であるが、薙刀をふるつて薙をはくらしい森林の中に入ると、慄慄な機敏さを發揮する。たちまち森林は切りひらかれ、路のないところに、自動車を通れる道ができる。榴彈があたりには落ちて来て、彼等はすこしも騒がない。彼等は日本軍とともに攻撃に参加できたことがうれしくてたまらない様子だ。月明の夜、彼等の屯してゐる場所から、哀調を帯びた薙歌がきこえて来る。彼等は榴彈の下で、高らかに薙歌をうたひながら、道を切りひらいてゆくのである。

サマット山の陸軍に、リヤイ山の陸軍がつづく。いはばこの附近の山は續くちやであるといつた方がよいほど、起伏や凹凸が多く、それは敵に絶好の防衛の藉

長カビンビン代將であることが間もなくわかつた。三つの部隊と、特科隊と、七千人の部下とを持つてゐるに二十一師團長であつた男で、幕僚をはじめ、副官までも彼をすてて逃げてしまひ、ひとりぼつちになつて山の中にとりのこされたといふのである。このやうな挿話をあとにして、日本軍の追撃前進はつづけられた。

マリベレス山は火山である。地圖をひらくと、火山からあふれ出た熔岩がながれ、バタアン半島を形成したことがよくわかる。起伏の多い山道にすべり火山灰である。灰の海といった方がよい。歩いてゆくと、灰の山が立ち、足くびから下は没し、まひあがる黄塵のために、前後の兵を見わけることすら困難になる。そのやうな道を、兵隊と馬と車とがとどめることのできる奔流のやうにながれてゆく。

敵は頑強に抵抗して退かない。我々の部隊は、なほ多くの困難な戦闘をくりかへさねばならなかつた。進軍の甲斐で、なほいく多の兵隊が死ね、山道のなかで、決戦がくりかへされた。

ても理解に苦しむやうなことを起つた。

山田部隊は五日の夜、サマツト南方の地點で、敵と遭遇した。夜間であつたしよくわからぬが、後方に相當の大部隊がつづいてゐるやうに思はれる。部隊長はこれに突撃させた。さるさう蜂の巣でもつつかやうな騒ぎになつた。そのときに、部隊長は通譯に命じて、軍需で、お前たちは銃をすもて投降すれば生命は助けてやるぞと叫ばせ。何處も野んだ。すると、かちまら敵兵のなかから一言に拍手があつた。拍手はしばらく鳴りやまず、その間に銃をすめる者、脇刀を音がせじつた。さうして全員が投降したのである。わづかな部隊で武裝が除がはじまつた。敵は七百三十八名の大部隊であつたのである。このときには米兵の佐官が六名居つたさうであるが、闇にまぎれて逃げてしまつた。その翌日になると、部隊長以下の幹部が二十數名やつて来た。部下がほとんどなくなつてしまつたので處置がなくなつたといふのである。

ある日、ぼろぼろの衣服を着た一人の老婦が、通譯を連れやうにがつがつと乾物をかじつてゐた。米のあがない男なので、兵隊も下士言くらゐであらうと考へ、たにも食べてゐない様子を見て乾物をやつたのだ。ところが、これは師團

比島兵が二層に穴を空けてゐる。米兵はたゞふくつてゐる。カボット台は力陣陣であつたために、米兵もこれに捕縛してゐた。私は米兵の捕縛を見て、はじめて安堵する心になつた。私りちの腹の意氣をさびしいばかりに痛感される。私はたゞたび支那の市場で、支那兵の捕縛を見たが、そのたびに、ある困憊した氣持をおさへることができなかった。同じ皮膚の色をし、同じ血を流した敵兵といふものは、少からず我々を當惑させる。それは、比島兵の場合にも同じであつた。そのとき、米兵の捕縛はいづれも幸運で、一人が下士官であつたが、日本の兵隊が奇襲を斷ずるとき、兩手をあげて降参したのである。なんといふだらしない兵隊であらうか。これがいはれのない侮辱をわれわれの祖國に加へ、祖國の存立をさへ無視しようとした傲慢なる國の國民なのだ。私は民族としての矜持に胸がふくれあかる。私はトマトのやうに赤らやけた彼らの顔を見て、きほめて不潔なものを見たやうな思ひになる。私たちが日本民族としての怒りをどのやうに高邁な使命にまで高めつつあるのかといふことを、このやうな時ほどはつきりと感ずることはない。

敵軍はいよいよその奇妙な行動を發揮しはじめた。我々日本の兵隊がいかにし

兵隊はカボット台の脚にたどりついたと思はれる。部隊長は前方を監視して、耳をすましてゐた。私も思つてゐる思ひで耳をすました。やがて、カボット台の左端にあたつて、わああといふ突撃の喊聲がきこえた、つづいて、その右からも、喊聲がおこつた。銃剣をひらめかして、カボット台をのぼつてゆく兵隊の姿が見えた。

カボット台のうへには、自來車路がつくられてゐた。カボット台の古蹟によつて、進軍がゆるじるしくはかざることになつた。ここには相當の部隊が顔ばつてゐたらしく、竹と木とでこしらへた兵舎が幾十となくあり、さぞまの書類が小銃などとともに無數に蒐集されてあつた。敵は退却するときにはかならず小銃弾薬をおいて逃げる。

このときはじめに三人の米人の捕虜を見た。これまで前線で米兵を見たことがない。連重銃も捕虜もすべて、ヒッパビン兵であつた。前線で戦ふのはいつも比島兵なのだ。米兵は後方に居り、前線に出てゐるものも、督戦をしきりにするばかりで、自分は戦はうとは思はない。

の吼へ、つぎづきに入りこんでゆく。

私は敵が最後の主力陣地として、日本軍を阻止し、逆襲さへ企圖してゐたカボット台の攻撃を、ジャングルのなかから見えてゐた。いく重にも波になつた丘陵のおさへのやうに、カボット台は、急勾配の傾斜をもつてそそりたち、そのいづこともより知れず、マキシム機關銃、自動小銃などが、彈丸の幕をつくつて簾で來た。彈丸の音はジャングルのなかにするどいひびきを發して割した。榴彈がつづけさまに落ちて來る。カボット台の四つの敵陣地にむかつて攻撃がつづけられ、十時半には突入する筈だと教へられた。定めた時間に入入する筈、とはどういふことであらう。この困難な地形と、彈丸の雨のなかで、兵隊は十時半に突入することだといふ。任務の大いさと、兵隊のかぎりない勇氣とが、他の一切の外的條件を無視してしまふのだ。とはいへ、カボット台の密林と急傾斜の敵陣地とに處するには相當の困難がともなつた。密林の密網は兵隊をのむといはれる。兵隊の姿は道のなかに消えてみえない。ちうと見えたと思ふと、また、見えなくなる。ちうと出た瞬間、敵弾のためにたはれる兵隊もあつた。

敵は自らの退却に努めた。カトセ川の水邊を破壊する時間を持つた。つまり、追撃がそれだけまた急であつたわけだ。昨日までは敵陣地であつたバガツクとバランガとをつゞく幹線道路を、えんえんと進みつゝ、本日の兵隊が進軍しはじめた。前方には放棄された自動車、大砲、彈藥庫が散亂し、敵の屍體が點々とあつた。

胸をつくサマツト山へを、よくと兵隊がのはづてゆく。昨日までは、毎日遠望し、二本のかゞざしのやうなてつべかの山を望み、いまは、いよいよ麓をさすつてゐるのだ。灰のやうな土をふみしめふみしめ、兵隊はサマツトを脚下にふまへていつた。

間もなく敵のゐなくなつたバガツク、バランガ道を、兵隊は馬と車と戦車とか、ひしめきあふれながら進軍してゆく。砲弾がひつさりなしに落ちて来る。敵はどこか山の後方の砲兵陣地から、この街道と橋梁とをねらつて、砲弾を射つて来るのだ。そこそこにはさきじい轟音を發して落下し、炸裂する。そのなかを、砲兵街道の往來は頻りに往來する。さうして、一層堅固な陣地をかまへてゐるサマツト

まゝ、ジャングルであるために射撃がきかない。大隊砲、機銃、機関銃などの主力を前衛に配置して、いつかに火蓋を切つた。敵との距離は百五十、乃至二百である。敵は鐵鋼を張り、斜向に側面火器をよなへて、はげしい突撃用をつづけて来る。歩兵は砲弾のまじを躍進していった。

突入前、三分間、猛烈な砲撃を加へた。味方の兵隊がたはれる。しかし、これをかへりみてゐることはできない。砲撃が止んだ。そのときの敵と一距離は十米だつた。兵隊は銃剣をひらめかし、戦聲をおげて、もうもうたる砲聲のかかに突つこんだ。榴弾のため、鐵鋼にはいくつかの破損口ができてゐた。そこから躍りこんだ。しかし、このとき、小隊長二人は戦死し、機關銃隊にも損害、多くの兵隊がたはれたのである。

このやうなすすまじきをもつて、サマツと川脚の堅固な陣地は突破された。カトモン、ラアウエル、アボアボといくつかの支流を集めて、タリサメ川は東にながれてマニラ湖にそそぐ。これら一川一夫の防壁とし、敵は砲丸の海とした。砲丸の海は兵隊たちの精神を攻撃によつて破られた。

じめる。ばつと煙のなかに火があがる。火災をかこすところもある。さまざまの砲聲が煙につつまれてゐる最前線からとどろいて来る。機關銃の音も交る。

午後三時にいよいよ歩兵が突撃をはじめたのだ。それまで、あらゆる榴弾と爆弾とが、サマツト山脚の敵陣地に集中された。それはあたかも、サマツト山全麓が大きな火薬庫であつて、爆發してゐるやうにみえた。私は觀測所から展望しなから、息もつゞりさうな緊迫した思ひに驅られた。ここからは、音と火と煙としか見えないが、その異々たる煙のなかには、砲撃の終るがいなや、敵陣に突撃しやうとして、眼を光らせ、銃をにぎりしめてゐる多くの兵隊があるのだ。そのやうな慷慨な兵隊の勇氣といふものが、この一瞬のなかにもありあがる氣魄となつて、私の胸にこたへて来る。

午後三時になつた。砲撃がやむ。いよいよ歩兵の突撃が初まつたのだ。私は前方の黄塵のなかから、兵隊のさかんな喊聲が聞えて来るやうな氣がした。涙が出さうになつた。

この時、三小田大隊もタリサイ川の線にあつて、突撃の準備をした。正面がせ

から標定がなされてゐる。敵の射撃の仕方はまた違方のないもので、射ちだしたら切りも間もなく、疾風のごとく弾丸を發射して来る。

山あり、谷あり、川あり、平坦地ありといふ複雑な起伏が、また幾重にもその高低をつらねあひ、歩行では通れても、車輪や馬匹ははなはだしく行動を阻害される。

かういふ地形のなかで戦ふ困難は軍舌につくし難い。敵は日夜砲彈を集中して来る。そのなかで、靜かに、首々と、總攻撃の準備はすすめられた。

四月三日、いよいよ、總攻撃が開始せられた。これまで敵側彈下にしづまりかへつてゐた日本軍陣地から、數百門の大砲が、いつせいに、山を鳴りひびかせて火蓋が切られた。各師団陣地から火とともに吐きだされる砲彈は、うなりを生じて、サマット山の敵陣地へ飛んでいった。砲聲は山にしまし、谷間は山々ゆするやうに鳴りわたつた。飛行機は編隊を組んで上空をとび、つぎつぎに爆彈を投下した。轟音とともに、すさまじい土埃がまひあがる。みるみる黃煙のためにサマット山はつつまれてしまひ、十鐘はしだいに高くあがつて、マリベレスを掩ひは

のちにつかまつた捕縛の状況である。

最前線が三十米くらゐのところは狭くはない。道々ところ 三百米くらゐである。それは地形が複雑なジャングル地帯であるからだ。深いジャングルの中に生えた樹木や竹は、縦横に枝をからませあひ、もつれあつて、通行することはもちろん、見通すこともできない。竹や木の細い枝には鋭い小さな刺が数珠に出てゐて、通行しようと思つればいつかかり、刺も手も傷だらけになる。密林ですら五米から先は全く見通しがきかず、したがつて、斥候などはいつどこから射撃を受けるか、見當もたない。敵の斥候と我方の斥候とが、いさゝちジャングルの中で相手を合はせることもあらずにしない。敵はこゝにいふ竹の木の根に一人入られるくらの穴を掘つてかくれてゐる。よして、通れる路の出口を照準して、おつと待つてゐる。思ひがけぬところから弾丸が飛来で来る、しかも、ひきかゝるへ引けばよいやうに据ゑつけられてゐるので、射れることがない。

バタア、半島は長い間、東北軍の強固であつた。地理にはきはめて向く、すべての距離は測られ、いかなるところも自由、正確に射てるやうに、日ごろ

ぐにこの砲彈孔が水でいつばいになる。すると、主人を失つて野ばなになつた數日時の水牛が、この砲彈孔の水をまりのなかに入りこんで、氣持よさうに、眼をぼそめ、耳をうごかして、ひたつてゐる。

敵兵は相當に苦惱に 欠乏してゐた。後方からの砲撃が激さんどなく、現地で水牛をころしたり、豚をとつたりしてゐたが、それも對陣中には食ひつくした。しかたがないので餌をとつて來て、許すつて食べた。敵線と味方の陣地はほとんど三十米くらゐにか離れてゐないところがあつた。さういふ場所では、とき折り、敵陣地から種々の音が聞えて來た。さいしよは、逃げ場を失つて戦線に入つてしまつた土民たちがやつてゐるのであらうかと思つたが、長降や掃蕩の話で、敵兵が移つてゐることを知ることがあつた。ところが、食糧にくらべて、彈藥はいやといふほどあつた。しか、彈藥はさふわけにはゆかない。敵の兵隊はこれかばんだとならど、何處考へたか知れない。腹のへこべこになつた敵兵は續にさわつてやまらなくなる。さうせにへんのら、日本軍に食はしてやれといふことになる。腹をさききれに敵兵は、砲彈を日本軍の方に飛ばした。これは、



いでゐるとはちよつと考へられないやうにみえる。しかし、この豪宕な風景はおそろしく敵意に満ちてゐるのである。

敵はこの山の肌から、晝夜のわからなく榴弾を射つて来る。彈藥は無盡蔵に持つてゐるらしい。また、大砲の機能も精妙なものだと思はれる。この附近の町々はことごとくむざんな破壊と化してゐる。森も林もさんたんたる緑け野原だ。道路ばかりの竹林は榴弾のため、上半分がなぎかほされ、折れて頭をずらりと地上につけてゐる。さまざまの樹木は幹や根に榴弾を受けて、はとんど枯れてしまつてゐる。敵はほんと小銃彈を射つやうに、榴弾を射つたものにちがひない。兵隊のなかには、一日に何発射つかと數へはじめ、四千三百何十發目かにわからなくなつたものもある。こちらから一發射つと、十倍になつてかへつて来る。また、ドラム鐵のやうなのが朝も晩もとんで來たといふ。

田圃のなかには無數の榴彈孔がある。大きな穴があはたのやうに列び、あるところと同じところへ二發落ち、あるところは連續して落ちたあとが串團子のやうにつながつてゐる。地下一尺掘れば水がわき出るほど、水量の豊富な半島は、す

山を要害として、日本軍に對峙してゐる。あくまでも深く深い密林の中に、マリベレス山は、目正でゐる。山のやうに、不規則な起伏を見せて置えてゐる。その前にあるサマット山は、ひときは深く浮びいで、頭上にはかえりてをさしたやうに、ぼつんと二本の獨立樹がある。その樹には敵の屍が散らゐて、砲撃の観測をしてゐるに違ひないと思はれる。サマットの起伏があらはれるところに、ぼくりと響のやうにふくれた山はオリオン山である。ここには林檎の敵の砲兵陣地がある。空気のすみきつてゐるせいか、これらの山々は、指させば指のさきにひつついて來さうに近く見える。椰子、芭蕉、檳榔樹、マンゴ、ドリアン、カボックなどの熱帯植物が、いかにどこに林をつくり、並木をつくり、あるひはひとりぼつと立つてゐる。ところどころに、まつ葉な花の咲いてゐるのが見える。ボガンビリヤ、佛垂花、ボインセサアなどが、熱帯の風景のなかに鮮やかな真紅の花をひらいてゐる。つねに白雲が山系の起伏のうへを、ぎらぎらと照しいばかり光りながら流れる。それはなくましい男性的な美しさにあふれてゐる。

この風景をみてゐると、そのなかに數萬の敵がゐて、銃口をみがき、砲門を磨

バタアン半島攻城記

第一章 總攻撃開始

私は今南方の新しい戦場に來て、私の肩に來た支那の戦場といらじろしく異つた景観を監視してゐる。米軍が不洛の堅城と誇るバタアン半島の男性的な風貌が眼もくらむばかりあらざると聞かぬ。青空のもとに、山尖にもえて浮び上る。

ヒッピーン作戦が開始され、部隊が最初にラングエン灣から上陸したのは十二月二十二日の朝曉であつた。マニラ市が陥落したのは一月二日である。敵軍はすべての基地を放棄して、バタアン半島へ逃げこんだ。彼らはこれを予定の退却と稱した。

バタアンは東西二十五キロ、南北五十キロ、マニラ灣の咽喉もとに北からつき出でゐる半島である。半島の南端とその對岸のテナルテ、つまりマニラ灣の入口に、要塞コレヒドール島がある。

敵は半島第一の要隘であるマリベレス山を中心とし、その南方にあるサマツト

にゐるこれらの家族たちは、米人のためにバタアン戦線につれて行かれた子弟のことを日夜案じてゐる。

このやうな事情のもとにあるバタアン戦線は、愛情ふかい日本軍をいくらか困惑させる。そして星房な米人に對する怒りが一層つよくなるばかりだ。比島人の捕虜や投降者はあたたかく保護され、モロンでは、一人の若い比島人が私たちのために、高い椰子の木にのぼり、椰子の實をとつてくれた。そのヒリンピンの兵隊と顔をつきはせ、私たちは椰子の實のあまい汁とコブラとに舌をうつつた。

また、オロンガボでは、部落民が共同で糧つぎをしてゐるのを見た。降りおちるやうな星空のもとで、多くの老若男女があつまり、杵にあはせて、ギターとハーモニカを鳴らし、歌をうたひつつ、糧をついてゐた。新しいヒリンピンの更生の歌のやうに聞えた。日本の兵隊たちが加勢をして杵をついた。

バタアン前線には志氣があふれてゐる。敵の間の抜けた砲撃などは問題ではあるまい。マリベレス山上に日章旗がひるがへり、コレヒドール要塞が廢墟となることも遠い日のことではないであらう。

(三月十日)

ちがひない。日本の兵隊のかぎりないそのやうな勇氣を、私は確信することが出来る。

バタアン半島が我が軍の手に歸することは、もはや時間の問題なのだ。サンフェルナンド、ヘルモサ、グアグア、マバタン、オロンガボ、モロンなどの前線地域の外観はさまざまであるが、これらの町々にみなぎつてゐる悠容たる兵隊に對する信頼の念は、そのまゝ、この大きな大東亞戰爭完成の心につながつたものだ。この感動を忘れることができない。

私たちは支那の戦場や支那軍と長い間たたかつて来たが、その背後に英軍がかくれてゐた。その眞の敵と我々はいま戦つてゐるのであるが、バタアンの戦場に来て、彼等白人の横暴な姿をふたたび目のかたちで見えて、抑へがたい怒りに驅られる。彼等はヒリツピン兵を傀儡にして、比島人を犠牲の代償にしてゐるのだ。我々は比島人と戦つてゐるのではないが、戦場に屍をさらすのは比島兵だ。私はヘル・サヤ、オロンガボ、モロンなどで、たくさんの比島兵の捕虜に會つた。彼等の家族や家は、日本軍の占領地域内にあつて無事に暮してゐる。日本軍とともに

の中に水がたまり、水牛が何匹も戦死するやうに受けてゐる。

バタアン半島は米軍の演習地であつたやうで、榴弾の射撃距離の標識がふたつから四つ置かれてゐたために、我が部隊の苦勞は並み、紙ではなかつたやうだ。或る兵隊は敵の小銃弾のやうにひつぱりなしに榴弾を射つて来たといひ、或る兵隊はこゝから一發射せば回來から口被を返しが来たといひ、また、或る兵隊は、一分間に三十發もドラム弾を、やうなのが幾つて来たといつた。さういふことを話す兵隊の顔を、私は涙の出る思ひで見た。兵隊はさういふ田舎の如き敵の榴弾を、悲しいとか、かなはないとか、困るとか、いふやうな表情では決して語らない。そんな論方もない榴弾のことを兵隊はをかしくてもならないやうに笑ひをから話すのだ。追ひつめられなバタアン半島の敵は悉くらく死にもひひてあらう。どれだけ弾丸があるか知らないが、これからもうしばらく、小銃弾のやうに、あるひは、一分間に三十發も、あるひはドラム弾のやうな榴弾を、射つて来るかも知れない。

しかしながら、兵隊たちはその笑止な巨響のなかを、笑ひながら奮闘してゆくに

氣のなかに、起伏の多いマリペレス山が見える。その前にすこし傾く平地に、静
 き出てゐるのはサマット山だ。澄みきつた空氣のせいか、これらの山々は、指さ
 せばすぐ指のさきについついて来さうに近くに見える、歩いてゆけば一二時間で頂
 上に達しさうに思はれる。マングヤアカシヤの木々、バナナや椰子、竹林、左手
 に見えるマニラ樹、さういふものとともに、この突然の風光は、男性例を羨しき
 に溢れてゐる。それは、南方にこのやうに美しく見える山々や、その麓の溪谷な
 どに無數の敵兵がゐて、陣地をきづき、大砲を置き、生命を狙つてゐるなどとい
 ふことを考へさせない。それだけに一向平坦な車風のやうな無氣味なものだ、こ
 の眼もくらむほど明るい白日の午後の時間のなかにみえきつてゐる。

周囲の田畑にはいたるところに大きな砲弾孔がある。田中の道々一兩割とある樺木や竹林は砲弾のために、むげんになぞなほされてゐた。竹林一帯は午前から上に折れまがり、ずらりと砲を地につけゐた。よほど砲撃がはげしかつたものであつた。田畑にある砲弾孔も、一つの上の一つが二つ、一つの上が三つに並んでいくつと著あつたやうに、数個並になつたり串田子形になつたりしてゐる。

バタアン前線

三月五日から三日間、バタアン半島の前線をまはつた。サン・フェルナンドからダダアを渡り、ヘルモサにゆき、東海岸からナチブ山脈の脚を横断して、西海岸のオロンガボで一泊、そこから舟でマヤガオに上がり、モロンまで行つたのである。いろいろの感想があり、短い文章では盡すことができないが、この数日の行程は私にバタアン戦線に於ける將兵の筆舌につくしがたい苦難といふものに思ひ至せ、興のつまる思ひになつた。支那の戦場を鏡をうつて見れば、つと私には、この新しい南方の戦場が、いろいろと異つた形に思ひ、兵隊のかきりない勇氣の前に立ちふさがつてゐることを理解することができた。

マバタン西方の丘に立つと、とえなつやうな陽炎のかめに、奥もつちもさうに暑かつた。そこはもと堅固な戦陣地のおつたところで、激戦の屋敷ふれをここへといひ、右手にナチブ連山がづらなり、南方にむかつて立つと、まづ南を案

雄渾の構想

四

戦争と文化との問題が考へられて來たことも久しい。しかしながら、今、日本の米英に對する決戦の開始によつて、眞に文化の問題が、最後の解答を與へられる時期に到達したと思はれる。

私たちはいかなる事態の下に於てでも、文化の持つ意義とその力とを信じて來た。これからでも信じ回ける。そして、文化の力が日本民族の躍進のうへに及ぼす影響によつて、日本民族の片骨の完成が決定されると信じてゐる。それは日本民族が偉大なる國民として戦争を最後まで、莊嚴な感動として戦ひ抜き得る根本の力となるであらう。雄渾の構想を持つた祖國日本の偉業を、文化のうへにも反映させてゆけば、文化もまた雄渾なる構想を展開してゆくにちがひない。祖國の運命に文化人が殉じてゆく方便は、そゝより外にあらうとは思はれない。それのみが文化人の決意である。

のための努力を、涙なくして行へることがあつたのである。新しい神話は、いさ、大いなる規模をもちて始められた。海内き大八州のうへに、祖國日本は、神の使命を遂行しつつある。

しかし、かつての神話の歴史にも、大いなる忍苦と犠牲とが必要であつたことは、われわれは十分に知つてゐる。われわれは神話を回想するときに、拂はれた犠牲の大いさに對し、敬虔の念を忘れずには居られない。その犠牲の精神は、數千年來一筋の河のごとく涙々として、われわれ日本民族の血脈のなかに流れて來た。いま、ふたたび、大いなる、新しい神話の創造の事業を開始されはじめたとき、同樣に、より大いなる忍苦と犠牲とを必要とすることは言ふを俟つまい。それらの一切のことを、日本國民は、一掃にして、胸のなかに盛じとつたにちがひがない。それは、この會心の事業を、おこなひきではあらず、胸をくひしはる沈黙の心によつて、固めぬがれ完成され、けられぬ、ぬといふことなのである。

それはなにも疑くべき事態に遭遇したといふのとは全く別のものである。それはたしかに疑くべき事態が起まつたのであるが、それはどのやうに疑くべき事態の開始であつても、國民がそれを誇りをもつて承認し得べきことに過ぎぬ。日米會議談といふ空疎な幻影にまどはされた或る不逞も一時にして消滅した。而くもこの雲が霽れて、からりとした青空を出たといふやうな巷間の表現が、或ひはこの國民の時間の感嘆をもつとも堪へない現はしたものであつた。

ラジオ・ニュースによつて、つぎつぎに輝しい結果の發表されるのを聞きつゝ、私はいまや、新しき神話の創造が始まつた、といふ壯麗な感動に捕はれはじめた。私は、誇張ではなく、神々が九州・四国へは舞をひつぎて君臨してゆく姿が、眼のあたりに見えて來た。嘗て、われわれの祖先の神々は、高天原を降りて來て、まづろはぬものどもを平けつゝ、祖國日本の基礎をきづいた。それから、いま、振りかへりみるゝまはしいばかりの神話の創造の歴史であつた。その神話の完結によつて、日本の黎明がはじまつたのである。

私は、その日、ラジオ・前で、ふたたび、祖國日本が始めた新しき神話の創造

新しき神話の創造

十二月八日の朝。

私がまだ寝てゐると、家内からラジヲを聞けといつて起された。豫感があつたのですぐ起きて聞くと、中途からのやうであつたが、繰り返し同じニュースをやつてゐた。

「大本營陸海軍部發表、帝國陸海軍は本八日未明西太平洋に於て米英軍と戦闘状態に入れり」

私は身内に電氣のやうなものが突き通つて來るのを感じた。私は、ある興奮を感じたが、それはしかし全く謎きの氣持とはちがつたものであつた。私がかくする事を事前に知つてゐたといふことではなくて、かくなるべきであつたことが、かくなつたといふ承認を、一時にして深く胸のなかに感じさつたのである。そして、私の考へたことは、いま、私と同じ激動を、全國民がこの同じ時間に、ラジヲの前で感じたにちがひないといふことである。

最後に、比島人の第一流作家の一人で、昭和十五年度の比島政府文藝賞の短篇小説部門の受賞者、マニエール・イー・アルギリヤ氏は、親切にも校正刷を讀んだ上、貴重なる助力を與へられた。又、マニラに於ける著名なる新聞記者の一人で、現在軍報道部に勤務して居るモンタノ・デイー・ナサリオ氏も、幾多の貴重なる助言を與へられた。尚本書に輯録した作品中、「新しい神話の創造」及び「雄渾の構想」は、東京東峰書房發行の「隨筆集 珊瑚礁」に、「民族精神の勝利」は東京日日新聞に、「バタアン半島攻城記」及び「滿洲國のことなど」はマニラ日日新聞に、「バタアン前線」美しき設計「二眼」及び「敵軍」は陣中新聞「南十字星」に、夫々掲載せられたものを、翻譯並に轉載したものであつて附記して、茲に感謝の意を表して筆を擲く。

昭和十七年十一月三日

マニラに於て

仁科嘉治男

積りである。然し兵馬句々の間、何宛書料も不足、筆紙の時間も不十分のため、思はざる誤謬や、誤解があるのも一れをいことを恐れる。與くは、讀者諸兄の御叱正を仰いで、儘目改版の際、更に完全に近一ものとし度い希望する。

尚、東京出發以來、書樂を共にして來た向井潤吉・伯は、御多忙中にも拘らず、本書の爲めに表紙の繪を揮毫して、かくも美しい書物として下さつたことに對し、茲に衷心より深甚な感謝の意を表するものである。

終りに臨み、本年一月五日皇軍のマニラ入城直後から、軍宣傳班に備はれて居る比島人にして、新進畫家であり作家であるヘルナンド・アール・オカムボ氏が、終始氣持よく、忠實熱心に協力して呉れた爲めに、本書が今日かくの如くに、出版せらるるに至つた譯である。我等の比島上陸以來、常に強調して來た日比協力を、身を以て實踐した好個の實例の自然的結果として、本書を讀書界に贈り得ることを、無上の光榮とし深厚なる歡喜を以て、衷心より感謝する次第である。

其の、旺盛なる責任觀念を示す講話は、是非共愛する比島人諸君に讀んで貰ひ度い、といふ願望が強く、公務の閑暇を見て、オカムボ氏の協力を得て之を英譯したのであつた。

其後五月五日、コレヒョール島其他マニラ附近諸要塞の降伏となり、引續きウエンマイト中將の、全比島軍比軍に對する全面的降伏命令により、全比島の獻定が完了し、比島は遂に建設、投降に入つたのである。

かくて、軍宣傳部は報道となり、其の教化宣傳事業の一手段として、大野氏の初篇作品を出来るだけ多く輯録して茲に上梓することゝ爲せられた。愛する比島人諸君に、日本人の思想、並に武士道の精神、日本軍は何故に強いか、大東、共愛國の理想等の代表的一症として、大野氏の珠玉の作品を是非其紹介し度いといふ熱誠なる念願により、自分は淺學菲才かも知願ひず、出来るだけ厚めに忠實に、再三再四原字對照し乍ら、最善を盡して英譯した

三月一日、實に尊敬して居た一衆の兵隊「土と兵隊」、等々の著者、火野葦平氏が、我等の軍宣傳班に參加せられた。

間もなく、バタアン半島の作戦が始まり、バムバンが州サン・フェルナンドの宿營で氏と同宿し、尾崎士郎氏、上田廣氏等と共に、バタアン半島の比島人將兵に對する投降勸告の爲め、傳單や前線に於ける擴聲放送用錄音の原稿を書かれ、自分はそれを晝夜兼行で英譯し、オカムボ氏が之をタガログ語に翻譯して、英語及びタガログ語の原稿を、印刷に刷したり録音したりした。頗る忙しかつたが、然し愉快な思ひ出である。其後も火野氏とは、行動を共にする機會を多く與へられたのを仕合せと思つて居る。

四月三日、バタアン半島に對する總攻撃が開始せられ、十一日、バタアンのオム比軍の降伏となり、作戦も一段落となつた。

四月二十九日、大東亞戰爭勃發以來最初の天長節の佳節から五日間に亘り本書に輯録されて居る、「バタアン半島攻城記」がマニラ日日新聞に掲載された。自分は、深き感動を以て之を讀んだ。殊に其の中の、喇叭手三村上等

戈を相交ふるに至つた比島人に對しては、滿腹の同情を禁ずる能はず、目つ
 裏心よりの愛情が湧き起り、

「汝らの仇を愛し、汝らを責むる者のために赦れ。」（マタイ傳五章四

十四節）

と命じ給ふたキリストの教は、不思議にも自然的に實業することが出来たの
 である。けれども、米國に對しては、抑へ難き義憤の起るのを、どうするこ
 とも出来なかつた。

「今汝の末期^{マッカリ}いなる。我わが忿怒^{イカリ}を汝に洩し、汝の行^{サハタ}に従ひて汝を^{サシ}
 き、汝の憎むべきものの爲めに汝を罰せん。わが目は汝を惜み見ず、我
 は汝を憐^{ミナ}まず。汝の行の爲めに汝を罰せん。汝の憎むべき事の報^{サツ}、汝の
 中にあるべし。」（エゼキエル書七章三、四節）

といふ、憐らしきまでに厳肅なる、エゼキエルの預言を、米國政府當局者が
 無視せざらんことを、衷心より願つて止まない次第である。

つた。彼等の中に、我等の戦友の或者にソツクリの人初か居り、我等の戦友の中に、敵軍の或者にソツクリの敵の者か居り、一寸奮闘せざるを得なかつたのである。

尙海岸の片田舎に至る迄、コンクリート又はアスファルト舗装の、立派な國道の自動車道路が國道八達し、各都市や村落に、電話を敷ふる立派な小學校はあれども、技術や實務を教ふる實業學校は殆どなく、美空院や映画館はあれども、書店らしい書店は一向見えず、米國統治の愚民政策、經濟搾取政策の跡は、誰の眼にも明瞭に窺取せられたのである。

比島併呑と同時に、比島人の東洋人としての傳統と文化の成果とを、喪失なく破壊し去つたスペインの、三百餘年間の壓制政治に次いで、米國の四十餘年間の統治により、物質主義と享樂主義とに惑溺せられた揚句、東洋の有色人種を劣等視する米國の、輕蔑なる外交政策の失敗の爲め、今次の大東亞戦争の途中で捲込され、國土は一瞬に蹂躪されて連環に歸し、住家は無土無柵の犠牲となつて灰燼に歸し、親へ東洋人として同人類の、日本人と干

此時こそ、二千六百餘年の昔、神武天皇の御東征に隨行した武臣、大伴氏の
一掃雲の、

海行かば水漬屍
うみゆかばみづにがし

山行かば草むす屍
やまゆかばくさむすみ

大君の道にこそ
おほきみのみちこそ

死なめめみはせし
しなめめみはせし

といふ歌は其職自分の歌となり、一死君國に報せんとする、堅き決心と深き
覺悟が出来たのである。

我等の船團は、敵潜水艇の魚雷攻撃、敵飛行機の空襲を受けながらも、
損傷は極めて輕微なる程度に止まり、愈々十二月二十四日早朝、我等は勇躍
北部ルソン、リంగాエン湖に、上陸第一歩を印した。

第一番に死んだことは、比島人の餘りにも日本人によく似て居ることであ

翻譯者序文

昭和十六年の月○日名譽ある機甲の人命を拜し、萬葉集卷二十に見る、天平
神寶七載二月坂東地方から筑紫に渡遷された防人の一人、今奉部興實布が、

今日よりは願みなくて大君の

龍の御橋と出で立つ言は

と歎つたのと全く同じ心境で、戦友連と共に即夜○○港を出發し○○港で乗
船、○○港で待機中、十二月八日、船内のラジオにより、對米英宣戦の詔
を、激激の涙を以て拜し奉り、潜いて東條首相の演説を聴き、襟を正して全
身の引締るのを覺え、更に間もなく、真珠灣の轟々たる大戦果の發表を聞き、
大日本帝國國民たるの光榮に感涙すると共に、光輝ある大東亞戦争に従軍す
るの名譽に感激したのである。

かくて十二月○○日、愈々大船團は堂々と、比島に向つて前進を開始した。

新しいヒリッピン建設の大道が、大いなる可能となつて、拓けて來た。われわれ日本人はそのことに微力をかたむけることを惜しむものではない。

ここに、いくつかの小篇が集められて一冊を成したが、しかし、これは日本の新聞雜誌に掲載されたもので、初めからヒリッピンの人たちに讀まれるために書かれたものではない。したがつて、適明でない部分もあるかも知れない。この翻譯は私のよき友人である仁科氏の勞に成つた。いつか、最初から、ヒリッピンの人たちへの文章を書く日のあることをあのしみにしてゐる。これは微岸の意味ではなく、おたがひが協力する意味においてである。

昭和十七年十一月一日

火 野 葦 平

序

新しい時代と、新しい階級のなかに、現代、身を置いてゐる自分等、なによりもたのしいことに考へてゐる。東南日本を決行しつつある一冊雑誌は、一であるといふ無涯を構思が、澎湃とした東洋民族精神の復興を以つて目的として、あつゆる東洋の民族に増解される日の遠くないことを私は信ひ、且つ、信じてゐる。われわれはひとつの血脈としての交連の深きをもつて、おれがひを信頼し、西歐的物質主義によつて、これを支離されて来た東洋民族の矜持を回復しなければならぬ。ひとたびは後進者の手に落ちるゝるか東洋の太陽は、いま、われわれの手に倉促されたのである。われわれは躍進にして誠實にあふれた勇氣をふるひ起して、新しい太陽の版圖に従事しなければならぬのである。歴史觀にも、日本をヒラツピンとするところの同僚の深い圖であつた。いま、われわれの前には、われわれのゆるぎなき協力によつて、

眼

五一

滿洲國のことなど

六八

敵將軍

七五

民族精神の開花

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滿堂の尊嚴と共に

此の名篇の拙譯を、

我が祖國の爲め

欣然として身命を捧げ、

比島の戦場に於て

勇敢且つ壯烈に戦れ給ひし將士の、

半篇なる這刻と英靈に捧げ奉る。(譯者)





マニラに於ける著者近影

The latest photograph of the Author, taken in Manila.

比島派遣軍報道部發行

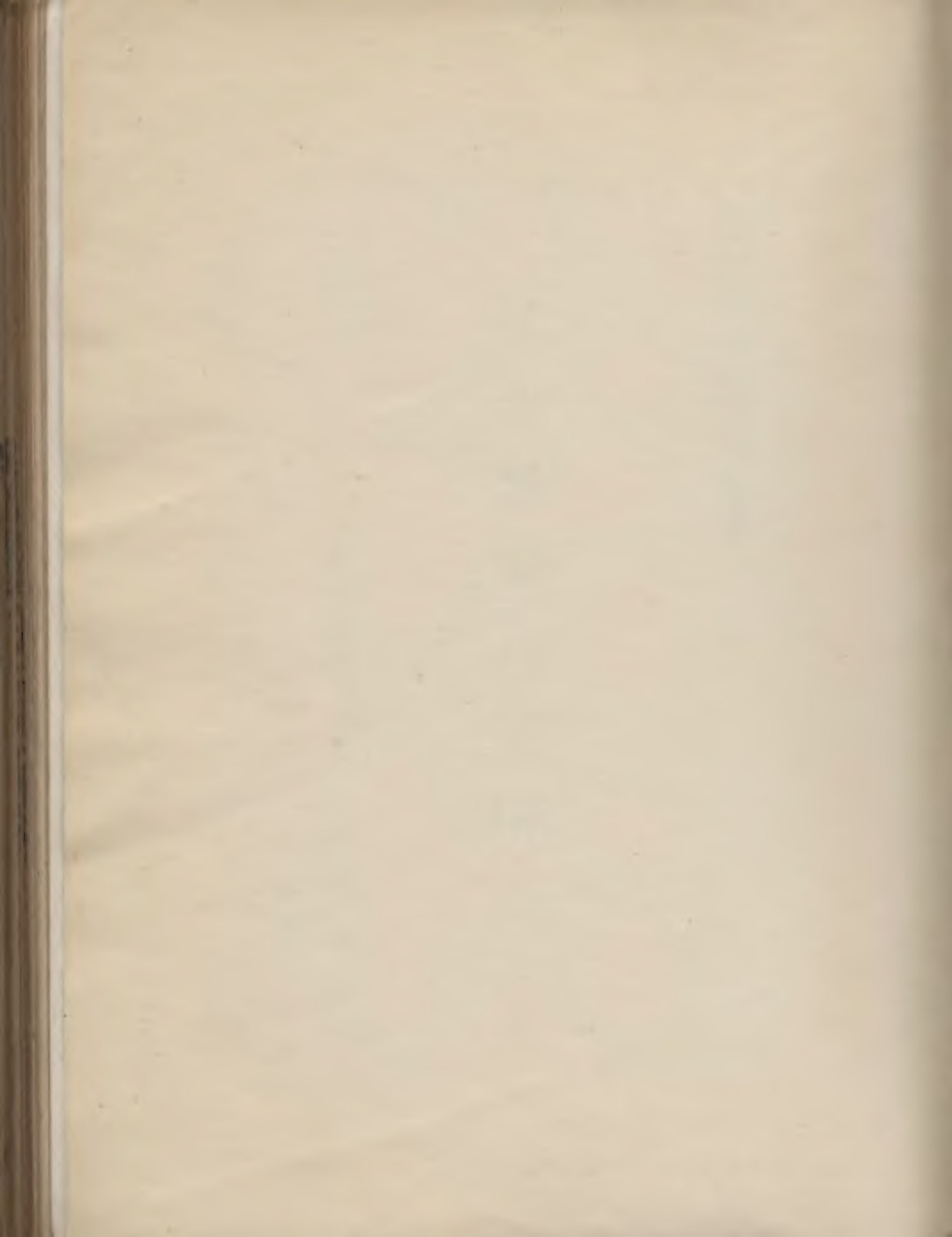
民族精神の開花

比島派遣軍報道部員 火野葦平 著

同

商學士 仁科嘉治男 英譯





民族精神の関花

火野葦平著

英男治科仁士華商譯

比島派遣軍報道部發行

